THE SECOND LINE OF DEFENSE

MARGARET SLATTERY

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A Plea for the Men and Women of To-morrow

By
MARGARET SLATTERY

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To
the glorious First Line of Defense
gone forth to suffer and die
that the Second Line of Defense
may more truly live

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I

THE SECOND LINE OF DEFENSE

IT had been a typical New England October day with warm sunshine and brilliant colorings that at five o'clock had softened into the mystic haze that calls to the soul of painter and poet. We had rushed along through the marshes where the tide was hurrying away, leaving the great mounds of hay undisturbed, past the sea-craft, some hugging the wharf and others boldly tugging at anchors, wild to be free. I left the train at a station, just as the lights came out all over the little village, and walked down the platform to wait until the gates were lifted and I might cross. Suddenly the windows in the last car shot up and I saw at every one boys in blue.

"What's the town?" some one called to the group on the platform and they shouted back its name. The boys laughed in response, a good, hearty boy's laugh. As the train still lingered they began to sing. They did not sing very well—they needed

a leader—but when they came to the chorus of "Over There," every fellow joined in, and a volume of sound rolled out that brought all the station stragglers to the side of the car. Then the train moved slowly along.

"Good-bye," we shouted, but they answered in song,—

"We're going over—we're going over
And we won't come back till it's over, over there."

The refrain was wafted back to us as the increasing speed hurried them on. No one moved until the red lights disappeared around the curve. Then we walked quietly. Every woman knew what their going across meant, and its cost to the women left behind. We envied the men on the platform who could take off their hats in reverence as the train pulled out. There was nothing we could do save force back tears that have no place in the presence of blue and khaki.

They were *going over*—another group in the great first line of defense. They were going to throw their strong young bodies

into that line which, though broken again and again, would never be left with gaps; for there would be more boys and more until it was "over, over there," until Greed lay strangled and vanquished and Autocracy had breathed its last.

It was midwinter when I saw another group who sang the same song with the same vigor, in the same fresh, strong voice of manhood that is young and not afraid. This time it was a company in khaki. I had seen it a few weeks before at the task of chopping wood. The wood-lot seemed far from the glory of a battle-field where heroes died for Democracy, and yet in the spirit that wielded the axe there was something that took it out of the ordinary and gave it a significance one could not fail to feel. We were told that the men chopping wood with such fine energy did everything else in the same fashion, and certainly when, fully equipped, they boarded the train for Somewhere, power seemed to radiate from every car. Impatient to be off now that good-byes to those near and dear had been said, they joked and whistled—and sang. At last the train crept slowly over the rails that

led from the small station to the sea and it was the same song that came back to us in broken snatches,

"We'll be over—we're coming over,
And we won't come back till it's over—over there."

A woman in the small group that watched them go hid her face in the flag she had waved. I was glad it was the flag, since the strong arm of the officer on which she had leaned for years could not support her again for many a day. When I saw her standing there with her face hidden in its folds as if seeking protection and safety, I knew that it was for what she sought in it they had gone—those hundreds of men who, a few months before, had been their own masters, but were now its servants. I could see them with their comrades from every part of America, in the glorious first line that would stand in defense of the defenseless, in defiance of all the shrapnel and shell, gases and machine-guns that assail the foundations upon which their nation was built, the principles for which their fathers fought, the very essence of liberty and justice which

gave birth, in pain and agony, to that flag to which the little woman clung.

A friend said to me, as we walked away, that in the presence of all that it meant he almost lost his faith. I was sorry for him. One may not lose faith in the presence of Supreme Sacrifice. He may not waver when after all the years that he has struggled to *believe* that the great, triumphant power of man is his spirit, he *sees* that it is so; he may not walk disconsolately when good and great men for centuries have said that forgetting one's self for the sake of another is godlike, and he sees men by the thousands thus forgetting themselves—men who, mere months before, had lived in a circle whose circumference was I—me—mine.

War is hideous, war is cruel waste and brutal savagery, war is idiotic madness, war is insanity—but men are victorious spirits, superb, sublime in their self-effacement that others may live and find joy. War is hell, but men fighting for truth and right through its terrible tortures and sickening horrors, shall win the kingdom of God for the world, sore-stricken, and hungry for happiness.

And so, as they go, sailors in blue and soldiers in khaki, into the smoke and fire "over there," I watch with deepening faith. Some day they will call back to us over here, "Victory! Victory!—peace that never again shall be broken, is won." With what a welcome we shall greet their home-coming—our matchless first line of defense!

Suddenly, as I pictured it all, I remembered the second line of defense.

I remembered how heroic, indomitable France is preparing hers. I recalled the stories of undaunted Belgium courageously persisting in her task. There is something very moving in the groups of children who try to forget hunger and cold, who stifle complaints and wear "a soldier's smile," while they study "for the glory of France"; something soul-stirring in the groups of little Belgian children who gather in the shelter of some chateau left standing in a shell-torn town, to study that they may be ready to help when the beloved king shall need them. There is something at once pathetic and thrilling in a little group of children reciting in their dug-out school, their gas masks by their sides. What a

strange drill for a teacher to give each day—a drill in mask adjustment! Yet the child must not lose his skill, or quickness, or he may have to pay for it with his life; and lives of children are very precious to Belgium and France—they are its hope, its second line of defense, and the nations that have lost so many boys in the first line know their value.

America, generous of spirit, has fallen into the weakness of the generous and good-hearted, she has been careless and wasteful. She has played the prodigal with her childhood but now she must waken and face fact. Not only to France, to Belgium and to Britain, but to America also, childhood and youth are the second line of defense. To strengthen that line, to equip it for future duty, to train it for future victory, is a more colossal task than the strengthening, equipping and training of those who constitute the first line. But it must be done, for when the first line of defense has met with complete success, when it brings home its precious prize of new freedom for humanity, what will it avail if there are none trained and ready to receive the treasure,

to guard it and send it on? And it must be done *now*. In the midst of the pressure and toil to keep the great first line adequately equipped, fed, cared for in sickness and suffering, and fighting on across the sea, the second line must be prepared.

In this second year of America's entrance into the war one has only to look at the map of Europe to see how far efficiency has carried the enemy along the road to the goal which he planned in the years long past. It needs only a reading of the records of the German Empire to convince even the ordinary student that it is not the military leadership, not the military training, not the scientific prowess that has made it possible for one people to defy the civilization of the world and destroy its peace. It is, above all things else, the dominance of the Prussian spirit. It is the Prussianization of a people naturally home-loving and peace-loving. That Prussianization began with the second line of defense. Without wavering, at top speed, unceasingly, William of Hohenzollern made what he would of those children who are now the men of his first line of defense.

Neither Western front, nor Eastern front,

lack of food, lack of clothing, nor any other hardship is interfering now with his training of the present second line. When the babies are in their mothers' arms, they can point to the Emperor's picture, when they begin to talk they can say that the Emperor does no wrong. From their mothers' lips they have learned of his greatness and glory, from their fathers they learn of the days when they shall serve him with pride, and of the greater day when Germany will speak and the world shall answer "Yes." They read in school of his goodness, they recite his virtues, little lips that stumble over the words sing the Hymn of Hate. The church praises and glorifies her Emperor, prays for him with passion, as its present clergy have been trained to do from their cradles. His birthday is a country-wide holiday for church and state.

Prussia knows, and has known for generations, where to begin and where to lay stress, and how to continue the spirit that should give her power enough to turn back the hands on the timepiece of the world, to put out the lights of the greatest nations on earth, to plunge them into midnight gloom.

She did her work with the second line of defense and, when it was ready for the first line, silently and swiftly she hurled her death-dealing bombs. Then in confidence and with amazing determination she turned again to the continuing second line.

What a different world it would be at this moment if, with the same wisdom, efficiency and infinite patience, she had trained that continuing second line for world service and democracy! Her goal is wrong, her purpose the ultimate expression of greed and selfishness, her aims are those of the dark ages we thought we had left behind. She has wrought devastation, laid waste, murdered, pillaged and plundered her way toward her goal, and would have reached it had not the manhood of the world united against her at fearful and irredeemable loss. She did it through the training of the second line of defense—through her education of the *children* of the empire.

Any nation may have its heart's desire, if, through home and school and church, it instil that desire into the bodies, minds and hearts of the second line of defense. It is as easy to train the children of a nation for

high and noble service as it is to turn them into paths of treachery, selfishness, and final defeat.

What a challenge that flings to America! In this hour she is great of purpose, noble and unselfish in ideals, humanitarian in aims. Her passion is democracy—an even greater democracy than she has herself known, for all the struggling world. Her first line of defense dies for it. Will she train her second line of defense to live for it? Home and school and church must answer, and any student of American child life knows that they should answer at once, and as a unit, for childhood is an easy prey. The exploiter has not vanished in the world call to arms, indeed he is the last to enlist in the first line of defense, and ignorance and innocence offer him an easy approach to the second, where he may work his will.

It is a startling fact that the largest percentage of men and women arrested in America for deeds of crime, or engaged in them, is composed of children of the foreign-born. They were trained—or neglected—in America. They are supposedly American made. Read the names in the criminal

records of any city on the North Atlantic Coast, or along the Great Lakes, and if you think, you will be forced to ask questions. Walk for miles along the down-town streets on east, west or north "sides," or close to the water-front of great cities, read the signs in the shop windows and listen to the conversation around the push-carts. If the children are in school, no word of English can be heard and if the children are at home and speak to each other in English, they speak to their elders in every language of the world. It was in such a walk as this that a most interesting class of children of the foreign-born was discovered studying and reciting from a book in a foreign tongue. Later, one of the books was secured. That winter Sunday afternoon, those future citizens of America were saying to their teacher, in their own tongue,

"There is no God. God is an invention of those who wish to keep the poor obedient to their will. There is no future life. All things which we can get belong to us." In older classes they read, "There is no such thing as representative government"—"The church is the enemy of man," etc.

In a group questioned later, not one of the children expressed any love for America.

A while ago, a young foreigner, forceful and attractive in personality, was arrested for traffic in girls. He had long been watched but was very clever and had succeeded in eluding the representative of the law. When questioned it was found that he came to America when eight years old and went to school in a great city. Yet he could speak English only in broken fashion and his ideals were anarchistic to the last degree. He calmly stated to the indignant men before him,

"America is for making money—how I makes it—what difference? Every man his own way. Gets caught—that's all right!"

He expressed no love for America and no appreciation of her dearest institutions.

A few months since, a boy of seventeen succeeded in entering the beautiful home of one of the most generous and helpful of American women. He went to kill. The butler, resisting his attempt to go to the second floor, paid for it with his life. Fleeing after firing the shot, the boy was soon caught. Preliminary questioning revealed

the fact that he evidently belonged to a group of young criminals, sons of foreign-born but highly respectable parents. His room was filled with the most inflammable and anarchistic literature, in his own and in the English tongue. He had been reading it since twelve years of age. He had practically no knowledge of the fundamental principles of Americanism, or of American forms of government; he knew nothing of American heroes or ideals, could tell nothing of America's struggle for justice and liberty. He believed that if he had been able to take the life of the woman he sought, he would have rendered a worthy service, and expressed the hope that the day would come when all who had money should be put out of the way.

Volumes might be written concerning the criminal records of children of the foreign-born who, in the main respectable and law-abiding themselves, have trusted America to train their children; and America has, in a measure, failed, first, because the task is so great, and second, because in her haste to make things she has forgotten that the supreme task of any nation is to make men.

She needs at this moment to Americanize the foreigner whom she has welcomed through the gates that were in the past thrown wide open to the world. She owes to her true, loyal and law-abiding citizenship, and to their children, the Americanization of all who come from lands where ideas, customs and ideals are at variance with those of a great democracy.

America needs *now* a campaign for one language. A common tongue is a great interpreter, a powerful medium of exchange. The public schools in foreign sections should give more time to the study and use of English. At the present moment, in many places, they cannot do this because of the unfortunate belief in a uniform course of study and a common standard for a whole city. When one finds the youth speaking English easily and well in great cities where the foreign-born congregate, or saluting the flag with tense and eager faces, in voices that reveal deep emotion, or recounting the deeds of great men and women in their struggle for liberty for their children, one invariably finds in that school teachers greater than courses of study, with ability and power

beyond that required to pass a test on the hundred per cent. basis. One finds loyal men and women, heroic in spirit, able to see the vast significance of their task, who feel the challenge of their part in the preparation of the second line of defense—and there are thousands of them in American schools to-day and thousands more who see the task but cannot perform it because red tape binds their hands. The red tape must be cut, the teacher must be first inspired and then freed, the campaign for one language at school, on the street, at home, in the shop, must be launched—not because there will be punishment and penalty if one refuses, but because the second line of defense must be able to mutually understand and to speak together as one.

That campaign, starting with the public school, where children may be easily led to follow the slogan "English at Home," must be moved into factories, mines and lumber camps, must be pushed along the railroad, must follow the laborers in the streets. Not only in justice to America, but in justice to those speaking a foreign tongue, must the task be assumed and performed. That

father of five children who gave up his life the other day when the giant arm of a machine hurled him to the street, could not understand the warning command given to him. The young man of twenty-five who respectfully sought out his officer in the great cantonment and said seriously and laboriously, "Me don't like this job. Sorry. Me give ten days' notice, then go!" is a pathetic incident of an American citizen who had listened to explanations which did not explain.

Manufacturers and employers of foreign labor who are themselves over the draft age and barred out of the first line of defense, can render loyal, efficient, patriotic service by entering into a definite campaign for the teaching and use of English by the men and women in their employ. Women, eager for war service and not strong enough to answer industrial need, may make a real contribution to the future of the nation through neighborhood classes in English, where foreign-speaking women shall not be taught "I can see a cat," from the first grade reader, but names of foods, articles of clothing and furniture, prices of articles, how to ask

for directions, and the countless things which, because of their practical usefulness, break down the prejudice against the new language and create a willingness to learn through their children. If America is to prepare an unbroken second line of defense, she must make her language the medium of communication for all her people. The preparation of the first line of defense, hurried as necessity compelled it to be, has revealed to us the handicap of a land divided into not only Italian, French, Polish, Lithuanian, Russian, Swedish, Norwegian, Danish, Armenian, Roumanian, Serbian Americans but enemy Americans as well. It has taught us that in order to speak effectively for the good of humanity, for our own good and in the name of Democracy, we need *Americans.* We must make them—now. When a state, like Massachusetts, for example, finds that eleven per cent. of her population can neither read nor write in English, the time for action has come.

Not only must we see to it that the second line of defense, numbering now between the ages of five and eighteen more than twenty millions, is an American line speaking in one

tongue and with power to understand the ideals of America, but we must see to it that it is fit. This is a gigantic task and to perform it will require all the ingenuity, patience and perseverance of the best men and women the nation can call to its aid. Those who undertake it find themselves facing squarely the problems of food and housing—plunged, indeed, into the heart of the economic maelstrom. America is young. Her greatest mistakes are the mistakes of youth. She has not taken time to learn how to feed adequately or shelter properly the great masses.

Two years before America entered the war, Angela laid her head down on her desk and cried. When the teacher of the long, narrow and poorly-lighted schoolroom into which came fifty-four pupils in the morning and fifty-four in the afternoon, each group on half time because of the crowded conditions, was able to see Angela and find out the trouble, the child said she felt too sick to stay any longer. She had been looking very pale for months. In response to teacher's inquiries about breakfast, she said she had bread but was never hungry, that

she was just tired, "awfully, awfully tired." She half staggered down the aisle but said she could go home alone. She did not come the next day nor the next. The fourth day a small brother in a lower grade came shyly to the room and softly told the teacher that Angela was dead. In a few weeks one of the other children told teacher that the brother who had brought the message was dead.

The teacher set in motion the wheels of the investigating process. There were five children in Angela's family. One older than she had died at the age of fourteen just after going to work. Two who were left were pale, emaciated, anæmic. They lived in two rooms, facing a court into which practically no sunlight ever came. Their father worked in a foundry. He coughed, he did not eat. The mother seemed to show no special signs of ill health but she was discouraged and grief-stricken. Her husband worked hard yet there was never enough for clothes and coal and food. Examination showed the father to be actively tubercular and the tuberculin test was suspicious in the case of the remaining children.

The boy was sent to a preventorium, the father to a cure. The mother, broken-hearted by the loss of her children and the fate of her husband, had to find work and a neighbor cared for the remaining child.

That home in great America is a sad tragedy. It was only one of hundreds, but none the less a tragedy, a painful reflection upon America's efficiency. The three children who might have reinforced the second line of defense are a great loss—but they are only three of the more than sixteen thousand under eighteen years of age that America loses each year through the ravages of a single disease superinduced by malnutrition, poor housing and bad sanitation.

If the second line of defense is to be made fit, American cities must take drastic action. They must condemn houses in which no human being should live, they must build houses where human beings can live and thrive. America must bring all her intelligence and her rapidly developing will for the common good to the solution of the problem of dealing quickly and effectively with that part of her citizenship which for private gain sacrifices public good. While

profiteering of any sort is tolerated, the second line of defense will suffer. The concentric circles of suffering grow larger and larger but always at the center, the primal cause, is selfishness, greed, special privilege.

Those most deeply interested in the second line of defense see no room in American life for special privilege whether it be demanded by labor or by capital. Labor has developed, out of injustice and misery, strong hands, ever increasing in strength. Capital has strong hands. Those hands must not be raised in defiance each of the other. They must be joined in mutual confidence that the great task of developing a true Democracy shall not fail. If either Labor or Capital says "No"—the second line of defense is doomed. It cannot be made fit. Such a thought is intolerable, and so America sends out its call for devoted, self-sacrificing, patriotic service. It sends that call to its dynamic centers where all the powers of a Democracy must be generated. It sends the most challenging call the world has yet heard to its Business Men, Parents, Teachers, Churchmen—in the name of the second line of defense.

II

THE CALL TO BUSINESS MEN

TO some it may seem strange to place first in the line of those called to the task of creating an adequate second line of defense, the business man. But I believe that he is first in importance and in power. I believe that in his hands lies the physical, mental, social and spiritual welfare of the nation, that whether he is engaged in big business or little, he holds the key to the future. The ideals of the nation expressed in the government of its cities, the type and conduct of its schools and colleges, the standard of its homes, the religion of its churches, cannot reach very far in advance of his vision. The American business man is at the heart of the life of the greatest of Democracies.

I am aware of the many heavy burdens, of the complications, of the wheels within wheels, of the never-ending round of difficulties of production and distribution that must be faced by the business man of to-day. But in this heroic hour when his sons give

their lives in the trenches, creep back from No Man's Land handicapped for life or go down in the sea, he is bound by his duty to the second line of defense to believe that whatever his by-product may be, his chief product is men. He must make men. It will be of little use to make shoes for the army of the present if in the process he saps the vitality of the fathers and mothers of the future. It will be of small service, comparatively speaking, if while he furnishes coal or steel for the army of the present, he sends men home to crowded, miserable shelters, to food that does not nourish, to the foul air and dirt and wretchedness that an ignorant wife does not know how to combat. Such men and women cannot train for his own happiness and America's service a child fit for the second line of defense. America, great in territory, glorious in scenery, matchless in natural resources, must heed the call that was wrung from her heart long ago—the call for men.

"Bring me men to match my mountains,
Bring me men to match my plains.
Men with empires in their thinking,
Men with ideas in their brains.

Bring me men to plough through marshes
And to cleanse from error free.
Bring me men to match my mountains,
Bring men to me."

The business man, though pressed to the limit in making things, *must* make men. In his eagerness to distribute in the markets the things that he has made, he must not lose sight of the men who do the work of distributing. The business man of the moment faces a greater call to self-sacrifice than the men of trade have ever met before in the world's history—a greater challenge to give tangible proof of his efficiency and patriotism. No business man has any right to excess profits from the chaos of the civilization of the hour. He knows where to draw the line between reasonable and excess. If he counts the making of sound, clean manhood and womanhood on the profit side, he will be rich—richer than the many men of millions who have been highly successful in the making of things and woefully deficient in the making of men. All that America asks of business men in this hour of her testing, is that in the spirit of their sons who, in the first line of defense, die for her, they

throw all that they have into the task of making the second line of defense ready to live for her.

To the business man it is the hour of great temptation. A million and a half men leaving industrial life in a few weeks have made great gaps. More men will go, and there will be ever widening gaps. Women are being substituted for men. Many business men have not stopped to ask questions as to the ages of these women. They have not considered either the physical or moral dangers by which they will be menaced. Indeed many have said calmly and very forcibly,

"The national need demands that we forget, for the time being, the laws for women and children. Great problems face the nation. We cannot consider hours of labor or conditions of labor now."

But the patriotic business man will not blind himself nor permit his associates to be blinded by such words. If he is intelligent and far-sighted he will know that to sap the life of womanhood, to enervate childhood, is both unpatriotic and unwise. It is a hard and solemn fact that if we

send vast numbers of men abroad to fight for the protection of the weak, while at home we fail to protect them, we must pay the price. The cry, "*Women and children first*" applies in this hour of darkness and danger as truly as in any other.

The sane and honest business man sees this and acts accordingly. He employs such women as are of the age and physical strength to perform the task, he employs older men, he takes the boys whose age and fitness mean no menace to their future. Such a man should not be made to compete with his dull, blind, unpatriotic neighbor.

Recently I was in a large department store. They were very patriotic in that store. They sang "The Star Spangled Banner" at the noon hour, or when opening the store, and no one who heard it will ever forget it. It was great! All employees in that store are invited to contribute to patriotic organizations and drives, but in such fashion that they *must* do it without hesitation, and although the result has been larger contributions, the effect is deadly.

In that store, girls have been substituted for men in all the elevators, which are large,

crowded and hard to run. I asked if the girls were satisfactory and was assured with great enthusiasm that they did their work far better than the boys or men had ever done it, that they were most satisfactory. And they were. They were efficient, they were courteous, they took pains to enunciate clearly.

I asked if it were not possible to secure older men who could do the work and was assured that it was not. But I know a man of fifty and another of fifty-two who had applied for those positions and had been refused. They had asked for any work which the store could offer. It could offer none. One was a little lame but his lameness in no way interfered with the work in an elevator and he was courteous and competent. The other had suffered from rheumatism the previous year and did not want to risk out-of-door employment a second winter. He had had previous experience and would have done his work well.

I talked with the girls. I found that the work was hard for them. They felt the strain. I found also that instead of being paid the wages of the men whose places they

had taken and, from the personal testimony of their employers, were filling far more satisfactorily, they were receiving the *lowest* wage that could be paid a man. That wage was not sufficient to provide at present prices food nourishing enough to make up for the extra strain. I found other girls substituted for men behind the counters where heavy goods were handled. There had been no change in their wages.

When that employer sang the national anthem I was suspicious of his patriotism. It did not seem fair that another employer who said he would not consider substituting women for men until he was compelled to, and who had recently increased at a uniform percentage the wages of all employees on account of the increasing cost of living, should be obliged to compete with the man who expressed his patriotism in ways that did not reduce his income. America must find a way of discrimination between these two as business men, must find a way by which to ostracize the utterly selfish man who for private gain would contribute in any way to the sacrifice of the nation's hope.

When our men come back from the first

line of defense, the great unselfish task performed for humanity in the name of justice for all as against privilege for a few, it must not be to find an exhausted womanhood, old before its time, it must not be to find depleted childhood unable to assume the task of "carrying on."

With an interested friend I was taken a while ago by a broken-hearted girl to see her sister who is in a sanitarium for those suffering from nervous diseases. It was one of the patient's bad days and she was a pitiable specimen of nineteen-year-old girlhood. She had been doing piece work in a great factory making a most necessary product, and she held the speed record. Her sensitive face, her quick, excited manner of speaking, her emotional response when I knew her as a normal girl of fourteen, all had told that she was not of the temperament to be "speeded up" with safety. But with the highest of motives, the man at the head of her department did all in his power to encourage speeding up on the part of the hundreds of girls at work there. The additional wages thrilled the girls. "We feel like 'bloated aristocrats,'" one of them told

me. If they were quick and alert, never lost a moment of time, cut short the noon hour, they could make what looked, by comparison with past wages, like a fortune.

But there was a great deal of illness during the winter and money was spent for physicians and oculists, and Eva had been one who, in those short months, spent more money on physical repairs than in her whole previous life. Still the pain in back and head did not stop and one night, in the bitter cold, she rose, dressed and hastened to the factory. When she saw the great gates closed and locked and everything in darkness, she came to herself and in fear ran back to her boarding-place. But there was no more sleep for her. Toward morning she called one of the other girls and staring at her wild-eyed, begged her to call the manager and have the factory opened so that she could get at her work.

"I'll beat my record by three or four to-day," she said, "if I can only get a little more time, just a half hour more."

Ever since she has been begging for more time and a chance to beat her record. With expert treatment she has a chance to re-

cover but all that she saved has been spent, and whether there will be further treatment or not depends upon friends. She looked so pathetic, so sweet as she stood there, her thin, pale face flushed by the unnatural excitement. To *speed up* seemed a great thing but to speed up at such a cost to the America of to-morrow seemed far from patriotic. The true patriot will speed up, but in his speeding will not forget the human factor. He will choose the men and women who because of age and temperament can safely be driven at top speed. While he is increasing to the utmost his output of things, he will be concerned for the human bodies, brains and spirits being translated into things. That pathetic girl is the *extreme* case but nearly every girl as well as many boys in that establishment show the physical effect of eight hours at top notch and over-time besides.

If at this moment America should call upon her girlhood to enter any form of labor, it would not hesitate for an instant. A sixteen-year-old girl recently read in my presence a thrilling story of a nineteen-year-old girl overseas, who had been blinded by

an explosion in the most dangerous section of the munition works, and of the courage and fortitude with which she had taken up the study of the Braille system in order further to serve her country by doing government work on a typewriter.

"We girls in America don't have a chance to do things like that," she said wistfully.

"Do you want to?" I asked.

"Yes, we do," she replied. "Of course we don't want to lose our eyes but we want to do something hard, something with danger in it, that would cost us something."

The girlhood of America would not hesitate at anything. Its patriotism is of the highest, finest type on earth. But the *women* of America will not risk the sacrifice of the girls of the second line of defense until the working power of those over twenty-one has been exhausted; and, for the harder tasks, it will keep the age limit at not less than twenty-five as long as possible, that the America-to-be may be saved from physical and moral weakness.

One of the girls working at high tension on the piece work plan told me recently of the amount she was making in a day.

"Just think," she said, "more than I used to make in a week! I take a 'quick lunch' and get at it again. Mr. ——— comes along now and then to encourage us. He often brings the big boss to see us—calls me his Speeder. But I don't look up. Every minute is precious. . . . I just bought a new victrola for mother. I tell you she enjoys it. . . . I've had a horrid kind of headache lately but I've got some medicine for it. I'm getting along fine!"

"Don't go too fast," I warned. "Take an hour for lunch, please. Promise?"

She would not promise. I feared for her as I watched the tense face and taut muscles. Months have passed and I have just learned that she has been at home ill for some weeks. All that she earned is going rapidly and friends are asked to help. The company has lost one who even before she "speeded up" was one of their very best workers. She was a mere girl, young, full of energy, but she could not stand the strain.

Last summer, a girl of high purpose and great patriotism whose two brothers had enlisted, decided to leave her position for four months and help out on a farm near her

old home. Three other girls went with her. All were in their teens. The farmer testified that their work was most satisfactory. At the end of a month one of the group had to give up because the heat affected her, the others "stuck it through and enjoyed it." To-day the girl who proposed their going, and who labored most efficiently, is unable to do her previous work, suffers greatly from backache and headache, and is spending her hard-earned savings for a physician's care. If it were necessary, one could look upon it as a great sacrifice, made gladly in the interest of humanity and meeting the test of "the good of the whole." But it was not necessary, for there were a great many "loafers" in that county who could have done the work and should have been made to do it, leaving the *home* gardening for girls who are young. Some day the very life of the nation may depend upon the farm labor of girls under twenty-one, but I do not believe that day has come.

In "the tube" between New York and New Jersey one morning I caught my first glimpse of a girl taking the place of a conductor. She was a thin, wiry sort of a girl

in the early twenties, and she knew her business. The car was crowded and I stood in the vestibule near her. She rang the bell with great ease but evidently at one station did not ring it quickly enough, for the guard on the platform called to her in a way that showed he was no respecter of persons but treated her as "man to man." She flushed and said something under her breath. Some of the men on the platform laughed.

When the crowd had thinned out a little, I said, "You're doing finely! Must be pretty hard, though."

"You bet it's hard," she said. "I'm gettin' through. I ain't got no appetite and I don't sleep."

"I suppose it will be hard to go back to less pay."

"That's where the rub comes," she said, "but if I stay I'll be dead, or crazy, so I might as well give up."

About a week later she had gone. I could not help feeling glad. That "tube" is no place for girls until America is so hard pressed that she is compelled to sacrifice some very precious things. A woman of

thirty, of the right type, might have stood it fairly well.

Nor is the place of conductor on a trolley car any place for girls until man-power and the power of older women have been exhausted. I saw a sorry exhibition of the rough, coarse, unwomanly type of girl that America sometimes makes as I rode on a cross-town car one day this winter. She had called "Move up" and people could not, for the traditional "plenty of room up front" was not to be had.

"Move up," she called again, then "Push 'em up, shove 'em up, any way to get 'em up." The crowd roared with laughter and she repeated it.

"You talk too much," one of the men said.

"If *you* talk any more you go out the door," she answered.

All the way across, she was rude and disagreeable, especially to women. She did not seem a credit to any car system and she was far from a credit to her sex. As the crowd left and it was possible to find seats, a man near the door spoke to her.

"If you go on treating your passengers

the way you have to-night, girlie," he said, "you will lose your own job and make it harder for other girls."

"I'm pretty near dead and they get my goat," was her answer.

She was a strong, robust-looking girl but her face was tense and her hands shook as she held the transfers—she was just a girl. If it were necessary one could endure it calmly, but there still is man-power enough to save her from the strain and men and women from the subtle effect of her presence. When the man-power fails, then her sacrifice must be accepted—not now.

The thinking American man or woman has in this trying moment the greatest sympathy for the struggles of the business man. We know why new lines are being written in his face and a new seriousness is in his voice. We do not tell him as glibly as we used to what he should do, we ask him to bend every ounce of his splendid brain power and all of his moral force to bear upon the problems of finding some things that he *can* do. He has no easy task.

While we were in the midst of a great campaign for raising money for war work,

and girls and women were going without new clothing and even without lunches to add to their gifts, a group of young private schoolgirls gave me a huge bunch of violets and an exquisite orchid. I said I greatly appreciated their thoughtfulness for me but that I could not wear the flowers that represented enough money to keep a little French orphan alive and well for days—that I wished with all my heart that the girls all over America would give up violets for the year. They said they had not thought about it. On my way from the hall, a young girl whom I had noticed standing a little apart from the group which had given me the violets, but listening eagerly to what I said, joined me, saying she hoped I would forgive her if she seemed rude.

"I couldn't help," she continued rapidly, "overhearing what you said about the violets and I hope you won't say it again. My father is a florist. No one knows how he has toiled, starting with almost nothing, and now he is raising beautiful violets. He supplies the shop where I think the girls bought those. He is so proud of his violets and is making such a good name because they are

so perfect. He is just beginning on orchids. I am in Normal school but we have hoped the others could go to college, father's been doing so well. What if all women, and men, too, stop buying violets?"

I shall never forget the appeal in her face. It is so easy to condemn the business of raising violets—until the complications arise.

One day I was chatting with a gentleman whose friend was a manufacturer of binding twine, and he told me how burdened and troubled his friend was, and how hard he was endeavoring to find men enough and material enough to make the binding twine so necessary for America's need. I laughed and asked if the government were to use it as a sort of substitute for red-tape, but he looked very serious.

"I am in earnest," he said. "My friend has been told to speed up to the limit. If the farmer rises to his job, as he certainly will, we shall have more wheat harvested in this country than you and I can even imagine. The figures stagger us. More wheat means more binding twine. More and more. See?"

Again I saw the great complicated wheel

of modern industry—who can separate its interlinking parts or tell which must remain intact? A man in a ten by twenty office in a manufacturing plant upon the hill looking down upon a country town is touching hands with a whole world and its problems. How may one decide right action? By the only adequate touchstone, I believe—*the highest good of the whole.*

It is the good of the whole that makes me sure about the employment of girls and young women save for reasonable hours and the lighter tasks. Young women and girls can work in munition plants. There is plenty of labor there demanding the deftness and the delicacy of their touch; women can work on the manufacture of airplanes; they can work on uniforms under regulated hours and the race-to-be need not be menaced. Women and girls cannot run locomotives, handle ploughs, work as street laborers, in baggage rooms, or in a gang on the railroads, without endangering the men and women of to-morrow, and the highest good of the whole demands their protection.

England discovered many things during the first two years of the war, and she has

courageously and with most commendable energy set herself to the task of righting some wrongs that under the pressure of a great war burden she permitted without fully realizing it. More than that, England has spoken out clearly and forcibly, that other nations may profit by her experience. She tells us that during the first years six hundred thousand children left school to go to work, many of them only eleven and twelve years of age. The laws governing hours and conditions of labor in munition plants were ignored. General employment regulations were set aside. General child welfare work was greatly handicapped or stopped altogether. Juvenile delinquency increased about forty per cent.

Far-sighted men began to think, and after two years of the war the Committee on Health of Munition Workers said: "At the present time, when war is destroying so much of its best manhood, the nation is under special obligation to make sure that the rising generation grows strong and hardy both in body and character. It is necessary to guard not only against immediate breakdown but also against the imposition of

strains that will stunt further growth and development." [1]

And summing up her verdict England said, "We have no right to handicap these children because of the State's *necessities of the moment.*"

Warned by England, America has the opportunity to say these things not after two years have already exacted a penalty, but now, at the start, before harm has been done.

For the most part, business men are keen and far-seeing enough to realize that childhood and youth must be saved and made more fit than ever. But already there are signs that here and there men believe with William of Hohenzollern that "necessity knows no law." An attempt to block the Federal Child Labor Law has been made by owners of cotton mills in North Carolina. A judge in the great western district of the state decided in a test case that the Federal Law was unconstitutional. Fortunately, the Supreme Court of the United States will decide the matter of the constitutionality of the act—and that Court, made up of sane, fair-minded, well-balanced men, will not fail

[1] National Child Labor Bulletin, No. 276.

to give the highest protection to the second line of defense. That protection cannot be given unless the friends of youth stand firmly for the fourteen year limit, the eight hour day and the absolute prohibition of night work.

Not only must the law stand for factories, it must stand for stores, and it must be made to stand for the one million eight hundred and fifty thousand children in local industries not now protected by any Federal law. Attempts being made by certain types of business men to exploit childhood through such legislation as is presented by the Klingman Bill in New York, "Suspending all provisions in relation to the employment of children under the age of fourteen years or the hours of labor thereof, in factories, mercantile establishments, street trades or any other employment contained in the Labor Law, the Public Health Law and the Education Law during the war and for six months thereafter," make one realize how necessary it is that the unselfish and patriotic business man be awake and alert and that he be protected by public sentiment from his unscrupulous competitors.

THE CALL TO BUSINESS MEN

The necessity of protecting childhood and youth appeals to many business men in the abstract. They will even give assent enthusiastically. Yet in many states it is possible for a fourteen-year-old boy to work more than sixty hours a week. Recently in a drug store in one state a fourteen-year-old boy was found who worked eighty-five hours a week. Despite the common knowledge that night messenger service is one of the most dangerous, morally, of all occupations, boys as young as fourteen are still employed by telegraph companies. Any student of child labor and of the laws won for its regulation and control after long and bitter struggle, knows that one may not look to the average court for justice to the child, for the court stands in fear and awe of the great local industry. If any be in doubt let him study, for example, the judgments rendered in cases against New York State concerns for disobedience of the law. We need the concrete assent of the business man to the principle whose only end is protection of youth for its own sake and for the nation's future—a principle every true patriot is in duty bound to respect.

Children and youth have always been the prize material for exploitation with large numbers of employers of unskilled labor. The results of such employment upon the fitness of the second line of defense is nothing to them. They want immediate labor, cheap labor, that their dividends may be as large as possible. Further than that they do not look. It is because of these men who profit by the present handicap of the childhood of the state and weaken the future citizenship of the nation, that in this moment of high tension, great necessity, tremendous demand and complex problems, I call upon all clear-thinking business men to stand with solid and unbroken front against all exploitation of the youth which is to receive into its keeping that Democracy that brave sons of America die by the hundreds to gain for them.

A group of women from about thirty to forty years of age, called before the war the "leisure class," were talking over recently the problem of labor and the substitution of women and girls for the work previously done by men.

"Well," said one of them, "it must not be

girls, it must not be children. We must save them. We are ourselves without children, without home duties that are absolutely necessary; we are reasonably strong; if need be we will answer the call."

I expected to hear unanimous protest. But I did not hear it.

"We can do that," I heard instead, "and we can also help women like ourselves to do without the non-essentials that the man-power of the nation may be given to the production of necessities."

It was a very earnest company. There was in it no lack of willingness to sacrifice. There was every evidence of the new spirit that is gripping the American woman. The business man, eager to save the girls who are to make the future homes of the nation and the children who are its hope, will find powerful allies in the women who are of the age and strength to serve when the seeming need becomes absolute necessity.

How the business man will meet the shortage of labor and still conserve the health of the nation's women and children is a problem yet to be solved. But most of us have faith to believe that his ability and

genius can solve it. The history of the development of business ethics during the last ten years alone makes us hopeful that the business man of America can meet a dire situation without sacrificing the second line of defense.

But the business man must be sincere. He must face the facts—*all* the facts.

"What other big business paid their men full wages during the five days of closing, or on the workless Mondays?" asked one of the owners of a great brewery.

"What other company did that? Did Messrs. ———, did the United ———? No!"

It was true. The others had not paid full wages. It may be that they should have done so—I do not know. But the man who tried to make that brewery company look like an angel of light lacks imagination and he does not do justice to the power of the American people to think for itself. Much of those extra wages found its way into the saloons in which the brewery company is interested; some of it went into pool-rooms in which the company is also interested.

Little Catherine, eight years old, is the

oldest child of a family of five. Her father works in the brewery. The family is without warm clothing, without shoes, without sufficient food. The boy of four is feeble-minded, the baby is a year old but she cannot sit up yet. It looks as if she would share the fate of the brother. The week's wages paid by the brewery company was not spent in that home. The mother cried bitterly when she said "he" had given her five dollars and struck her when she pleaded for more.

Catherine has an uncle—her father's brother. He was drafted but was pronounced physically unfit. He also works in the brewery. On the street where she lives one sees pale, anæmic little children, wrecks of womanhood, disgusting specimens of manhood, dirt, wretchedness and sin. The section is one of the recruiting stations for almshouses, charitable institutions and jails. Many of the people who live there work or have worked for the brewery company. Every few blocks there is a saloon. Over a door one reads "Family Entrance." There are pool-rooms apart from saloons but nevertheless connected in ownership.

Some of them people see and others they just whisper about. Oh, no, the man engaged in the business of the brewery and distillery cannot make America believe that he is the "Protector of the toiling masses." Indeed one is often tempted to believe that if his boasted patriotism were in any degree comparable with that of his own splendid sons who have willingly left all to die, if need be, in a strange land, he would release his man-power for the making and distribution of necessities, his grain for the production of feed or food. The world is in great need of those six million loaves of bread which daily go into the making of his product. But he fails, or refuses, to look far enough beyond self and the present, to see the second line of defense. The extra week's wages did not make up for the deadly toll of the liquor traffic. In the black darkness of the world's struggle, things appear in a new light. People once easily put to sleep by sophistries have awakened.

To all illegitimate business, all business unprofitable to humanity, America issues a patriotic call to "close up"—to enter a new line, to transfer its money, its brain and its

brawn into productions that shall make fit the second line of defense, not only physically, but ethically and morally "fit."

For every form of business that in any way contributes to human welfare America has, in this hour of its struggle, the deepest sympathy. The people want to help—all the people want to help. They will, if business will show them how. But for any form of business that tears down humanity or mitigates against its welfare they have only condemnation and scorn. For every legitimate business, for every new method of speeding it up and making it more efficient and more profitable, which does not needlessly sacrifice human welfare, America has the most profound respect—every privilege and aid should be given it.

The business man of to-day must furnish the ideals for the business-men-to-be, now in the second line of defense.

I confess that I stood aghast the other day over the full significance of a discussion in a Loyalty Club of boys of fourteen and fifteen. One boy was speaking of pacifists.

"*Pacifist nothing!* They oughter be shot," he said. "They are *traitors.*"

"Well, that's all right, they ought to be," said a second boy, "and do you know who ought to be shot alongside of 'em? Well, the fellers that's making bank accounts, making their millions by cheating the public. There's as many of them as there are pacifists. I'd line them up and give 'em a knock out at the same time."

"Huh, what yer givin' us?" said a third. "You'd make money hand over fist yerself if yer was smart enough!"

It is a rather difficult problem for those who teach morals, ethics, religion to the second line of defense, to make much headway by words in the presence of deeds witnessed daily and spirit breathed in from the very atmosphere. I must confess that the Loyalty Club had many concrete illustrations of men "smart enough" and quite willing to take enormous profits from the pockets of the public with one hand, and subscribe for war work with the other. It is no wonder that the average boy finds patriotism rather confusing at times.

Nevertheless the horizon is bright with signs of promise. The business man's questions about ways and means to meet

the demands of an awakened sense of duty and a true sense of patriotism are keen and genuine. He seeks the way. One views with fresh courage the work of the men behind the movements for "Truth in Advertising." He is amazed at the rapid progress made from the comparatively short time ago when the sole object of advertising was to sell goods, to the present purpose to sell goods by telling the absolute truth about them. Although much remains to be done, the men behind the movements deserve the highest credit for the hard, conscientious work which has brought about the refusal on the part of most reputable publications to accept for advertisement, even at enormous profit, anything which will rob the purchaser of his money, his character or his physical well-being.

No thoughtful person can fail to see the dawn of the greater day ahead as he studies the various forms of Welfare Work being attempted by business concerns, large and small, all over America. They are at last awake to the human product. Some of the attempts are awkward, some are on the wrong basis, offering charity instead of

justice, some are for the glory and profit of employer rather than employed, but most are splendid experiments in the right direction, and the results in mutual understanding and appreciation on the part of employer and employed are most satisfying.

One views with profound gratitude the avowed principles of such organizations of business men as the Rotary Clubs. At this present moment, so full of uncertainty for them, these business men have their eyes on the second line of defense, as their work for boys testifies. No movement promising the strengthening of the morals or the ethics of America is denied a courteous and intelligent hearing by them. They are united in sincere purpose to learn what America needs and to give it to her. Their expressed ideals are the embodiment of America's best type of citizenship. When their purpose becomes the universal purpose of American business, the second line of defense will have an easier pathway to "fitness."

These efforts for truth in advertising, for actual delivery of goods as described; these attempts at practical demonstrations of the

value of the human factor; these acknowledgments that neither employer nor employee can stand alone but must work together for mutual success; these high and worthy standards subscribed to as the test of the worth of a man's contribution to his nation, promise well for the second line of defense.

Strong, united, powerful public sentiment should give to such men the support which brings success that they may make their contribution to American life through well-regulated, efficient, profitable business based upon the highest principles—both commercial and humanitarian.

It is perfectly true that business cannot stop now to undo all past wrongs, to readjust all mistaken business principles. Business has one supreme task—to help win complete victory for the cause of Democracy. If we do not succeed in that, there will be no opportunity for adjustment of misunderstandings and wrongs. But as he faces the present hour and its needs and problems, the business man *must* be true to the second line of defense. As he loves America he dare not fail them.

THE SECOND LINE OF DEFENSE

Because of her confidence in the integrity of her business men, America issues the call that will demand in the answering of it the same high spirit of devotion to duty, of surrender of self-interest to great ideals, as that which has sent more than a million and a half men, young, vigorous, the future before them, away from home, occupation, loved ones, to face shot and shell, privations unnumbered, hunger, cold, death—all for the sake of the world of to-morrow—waiting in *the second line.*

For those who in this hour of stress and danger play the part of deserter, or traitor, the great American people feel supreme disgust—the day will come when what they are sowing they shall reap. But America believes profoundly that in overwhelming majority the business man in heroic courage and devotion to duty is the equal of his splendid sons.

III

THE CALL TO PARENTS

ONE day I stood with the parents of a little thing six weeks old, looking down into a white crib where she lay sleeping. The father pointed out its muscles, its hard flesh, the fine shape of its head—the mother told me how good it was—how well it slept, how perfectly it digested its food. Then the little one opened its eyes—big eyes, very clear, very wonderful—and stared at us with the complacent, disinterested, tolerant stare of a baby six weeks old.

"I wonder how she will look," I said, "twenty years from to-day!"

"Gosh!" said her father, and did not even know that he said it, "twenty years! I suppose she *will* be that some day."

But a look of pain passed over the mother's face and she said softly, "I don't want her to be twenty!"

I understood.

That afternoon when the parents had gone for a walk and the baby was sleeping, I sat near the little crib and watched. I can never tell the world all I thought, but I could not help wondering how I should feel if the tiny little thing were mine; if I had brought her into a world filled with innumerable experiences of joy and sorrow, deep pain and keen pleasure, if, in answer to my own desires, I had compelled her to meet life. I felt very sure that I should feel like apologizing to her and beseeching her to forgive me, unless I could give her the inalienable right of the soul wrapped up in that little body—the right to true liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

She was so tiny, so perfectly helpless—the world could make anything out of her! She would be six months old and the habits her parents had let her form would already grip her. She would be a year old and her parents would teach her any language they chose—English, French, Polish; she would copy them—if they used a rolling "r" she would, if they used a broad "a" she would. Then she would go to school—she would learn what state and city had determined, as

taught by a teacher. She would go to church—she would begin to seek God by the Methodist—Baptist—Congregational—Catholic—Hebrew pathway, according to the church to which parents or companions led her! She would be *made* by Home and School and Church—and by the community into which she was born.

I confess that as I leaned over her and the warm, soft, little fingers clasped mine, it seemed a most significant, most solemn, most awful thing to have caused her to be, a most daring thing for any man or woman to assume responsibility for *life* for her. When she puckered up her little face and cried—a cry that showed hunger she was powerless to satisfy—I could have struggled or fought for her, toiled or died for her. I knew that the hope of the world was in her and in the others like her—helpless, dependent, ready to be made into anything!

Then in a flash came the overwhelming consciousness of a terrible, indisputable fact. The women of America, every last one of them, had once been helpless like her—ready to be made into *anything*. I shivered at the thought of what life had

made out of some of them. A few weeks before, I had spoken to hundreds of girls in their teens on Sunday afternoon and the next day a reporter who had heard the address came to me with the request that I go with him to the detention rooms of the city jail to see a young girl of twenty who had been arrested in connection with a series of auto-bandit robberies. The reporter had told her some things I had said to the girls at their meeting, and she remarked that no one in all her life had talked that way to her, so he had come with his challenge to "say it to one girl as you did to that crowd yesterday. She never has been to church or Sunday-school," he added. So it came to pass that I sat in a dull and hopeless detention room looking at Esther. Once Esther was six weeks old! She must have been a pretty, appealing little thing, for despite all life had done to her, she was still very attractive.

It was a sordid place. There was a long table where three girls under arrest sat playing solitaire. Another hugged the radiator. The row of cells with their heavy doors and narrow cots, where the girls

must spend the night, lined one side of the room. Apart from the rest, nervously clasping and unclasping her hands, sat the girl I had come to see. If I had expected the hardened face and the cold, keen eye of the criminal, I should have been disappointed, indeed. Esther had a girl's face and the questioning, pained and troubled eyes of a child who is frightened and puzzled. Her black dress was cheap but up-to-date, and her hair was arranged in the very latest fashion.

"I did not have anything to do with it," she told me almost before I sat down. I said I had not come to talk about the thing for which she was arrested, that she ought not to talk with any one about it until the hearing, but I wished she might tell me about herself, when she was a little girl, when she left school, about her work—everything. After I had talked a few moments about girls' conferences and girls' organizations for helping other girls, she began her own story:

"You see I left school before I was fourteen. I wasn't such a good scholar, anyway, but I got along pretty well. My

mother said I might as well earn something, my stepfather didn't want to support me. It was hard to get a job, but a girl got me one after a while. I didn't like it—too lonesome. Then I got another place in a factory. When I was sixteen, a man older than me asked me to marry him and I did. Three months or so before the baby came, he left me—without any money. I was feeling too sick to work and I wanted to die, but I didn't have the nerve. Finally, when I couldn't borrow from the girls any more and was ashamed to get meals from neighbors, I went home to my mother. I knew she'd keep me but I was afraid of my stepfather. I kept out of his way for a while but one night he came home early. He was drunk and he threw me out.

"They picked me up and took me to the hospital and the baby was born. It was dead. The hospital was good to me, awful good. Afterward they helped me to get a place to do housework, but I wasn't any good. I was awful weak. I used to hold on to the sink doing the dishes and wish I could die, and when I tried to sweep, it was awful. Nobody would keep me. I don't

blame them. Well, I got a place in a shop and there I met the fellow I was arrested with. Oh, he was *good* to me!" The voice, before indifferent, impersonal, telling the story as if it were an every-day matter, became tense.

"He gave me part of all he earned. We was trying to save enough to get a divorce from the man that left me so we could marry—then came this trouble!"

The childlike eyes filled with tears, the small hands clenched, and in a voice filled with passion and devotion she continued,

"Oh, he *has* been good to me and I *love* him. I'd do anything for him. Anything he tells me, I'll do. I don't care what they do to him or me, I'll be true to him. I don't do wrong to love him, do I?"

"No," I said, for looking into that face and feeling the devotion of a girl's heart—a girl, who, barely twenty, had passed through the experiences to which I had listened—there seemed to be no other answer.

"You know how it is," she said, "when you ain't got a friend and then a fellow like that comes along. He'd do anything for me. I'll show you something," and she

drew out a note written on dirty, greasy paper, with many words misspelled, but the sentences read like the message of a knight to the one for whom he would gladly give all, even his life. They pledged undying love, devotion and longing.

"If only I *could take care of you*, dearest kiddie, I wouldn't mind," I read.

"You see," she said, "he feels just like I do. No matter what happens to us, we'll love each other; nothing can stop that." Her face was transformed as she said it, touched for the moment with a holy passion that made it beautiful.

We talked for an hour or more and then I had to go. She seemed pitifully alone. Life had been so hard and she was so young. She might have been *anything*. Life had made her into this. The five men under arrest were all under twenty-five, two of them in their teens. They seemed but the product of the weak spots in our civilization. But we must not make more. The second line of defense must be made secure.

As I sat beside the baby, now asleep, my thoughts rested again and again upon a photograph lying on my desk. It is one that

hurls a challenge into my soul. It is a picture of a pair of shoes belonging to a girl of sixteen years. She ran away from home—I can hardly say that word as I think of her. When she was found on the last night of the old year, she was wearing these shoes. The soles of both are worn through, the back just above the heel of one has gone, the entire side gone from the other. Only the tight lacings knotted again and again could hold them to her feet.

On that bitter night when the officer who was looking for her saw her creeping painfully over the rough, frozen streets, she seemed like a little old lady. He spoke her name and she raised her face. In spite of pallor and evidence of pain, it was a girl's face and attractive. Taking her arm, the Captain started toward his office.

"Don't hurry," she said; "my feet hurt awful."

"We'll take a car then," he answered and as they waited in the shelter of a doorway, he asked her to let him see her shoes. The entire side of one foot was bare and bleeding, the heel had deep, open cracks over an inch long. She shivered so that she could

not stand without support. In the Captain's office, in answer to the old question, she told her story, every word of which was proven true. Briefly it was this:

Her father ran away, refusing to support the family. She scarcely remembered him. Her mother drank and would not work. Every cent that this sixteen-year-old earned behind the counter was taken by the mother. Now and then, in good humor for the moment, she would give the girl enough to buy some article of clothing, but this winter she had been more harsh than usual. One pay day the girl told her mother in the morning that she could not get along another day without stockings and shoes. She also told her the very lowest price at which they could be secured and said that she would buy them before coming home. There was a quarrel, followed by blows and threats. Just before time for the girl to receive her pay, her mother appeared at the store where she worked, demanding her money and saying the worst possible things of the girl. She told a pathetic story of illness and privation, and she secured the envelope. The girl lost her position. Two friends loaned her a little

money for needed food and she did not go home that night. When she did not appear the second night, the mother appealed to the police.

After thorough investigation, the mother's story was found to be utterly false. In spite of all her sorrows and temptations, Wilma had kept true.

"Oh, I've tried so *hard* to be decent and to do right. I can't live with her any longer and go on standing all I have had to suffer," she said, when at length her self-control broke. She will not need to endure it. Safe and sheltered, with a clean bed and regular meals, with the companionship of other girls, and steady work, one can hardly believe that she is the same girl.

"That night when you found me," Wilma said recently to the Captain, "I was just thinking what a 'Happy New Year' I'd have the next day!"

I do not wonder she thought of it. Sixteen, and shivering in the east wind, staggering over icy pavements with bleeding feet, nowhere to sleep, only a few cents in her pocket, and bitter resentment and the sense of injustice burning out hope. I wish

she were the only girl of her type in all the world. But she is not. In many ways the cruelty of unnatural parents reveals itself. Those who live close to the "other half" know why many a girl and boy runs away from home. Once that sixteen-year-old, abused and alone in that great city, was a baby six weeks old—ready to be made into anything. By some miracle she escaped the road to death, but, intelligent and attractive as she is in spite of all life has done to her, what might she have been if she had had her American birthright of a fair chance!

When one issues a call to parents, he cannot refrain from the plea that if they must send their boys and girls out into the business and industrial world, they treat them as wage earners, that they permit them to "pay their board," leaving a margin, even though small, which they may feel is their own. When a boy goes without shoes or a new tie because he has spent all his money, he does it with feelings that differ widely from those of a boy whose parents take every cent and then "cannot afford" to give him new shoes or tie. The same is true of the girl. Any one familiar

with the reasons why youth runs away from home knows how large a part their "own money" plays, yet a surprisingly large number of parents, even among those neither lazy nor addicted to drink, believe that the entire wages of their children are their unquestioned right, and insist upon having the weekly envelope, unopened, turned over to them.

There is nothing wage-earning youth so covets as independence. I know a boy of seventeen who is allowed to "pay his board," who, for three months during the winter, voluntarily gave every cent he earned to his mother, because illness had made an unusual drain upon the family pocketbook. He did it gladly and enjoyed the feeling that he stood between the family and actual need. I know another boy of the same age, living on the same street, who was cruelly beaten because he kept one dollar out of his ten dollar wage! It is hard to realize that parents can be so unjust and unfair to those whom they have brought into life. One does not realize until he has come into close contact with it how deeply youth suffers, what humiliation it feels, what

lifelong resentments it cherishes under the hardship and injustice which certain types of parents inflict.

Suddenly, in contrast to the two dark pictures of which I had been thinking, Anna flashed into my mind. What a success her parents had made of her! I had recently seen her sitting in her nursery with her little girl in her arms while her energetic son played about the room. Anna must have been an attractive baby at six weeks. Born with the proverbial gold spoon in her mouth, she had escaped its dangers. Sensibly educated, trained in simplicity of living, she had developed into a fascinating, all-round girl, perfectly well, in love with her home, keenly awake to civic needs, interested deeply in great world issues. The man she married was in every way her equal, and common interests made them not only husband and wife but the best of friends who enjoyed life to the full. The thought of her joy in living made me long desperately to build a bridge of happiness for the little things now six weeks old, who, unless some one helps, must walk the way of Esther and Wilma, or worse.

THE CALL TO PARENTS

In a recent letter, I find a series of very interesting photographs of a land where snows are unknown. In the midst of heat that is unthinkable, sheltered by great avenues of palms, is a girls' dormitory and children's home. The first pictures show rows of dirty, naked, listless, unintelligent-looking children near huts that stand on poles—and then, ten years later, are those same children dressed in white, wide-awake, intelligent, some weaving hammocks, some studying in the class-rooms, some at volley ball on the playground. The transformation in ten years seems incredible. Edith has done it. Edith, who at six weeks was a serious, brown-eyed baby in a cradle in a poor New England hill-town home, where life was a struggle. She might have been made into anything—life as her parents gave it to her made her into the educator of that group of little Filipinos, who in ten short years were living in sanitary homes, reading the history and following the courses of study of the schools of America whose citizens they were. That one home gave to the world a physician, two mothers of fine type, a successful merchant, and Edith.

On the most disagreeable of February days—a fine rain, melting snow, mud, an east wind—I saw Elizabeth. She seemed to radiate health as she served the long line of hopeless, wretched, bedraggled women with children in their arms, or holding to their skirts, filling halls and waiting room of the clinic and dispensary. Elizabeth was their great friend. She was the district nurse; now she is at the dispensary. They loved her. Their faces lighted at sight of her. In broken English, or in the vocabulary of the streets, they told her their troubles. A woman with face heavily lined burst into tears as she said,

"No coal, four days—no coal! Such pains," and laid her hand on chest and back. Another wept as she explained that she could no longer nurse her baby and there was not enough money for milk and for food.

Elizabeth seemed to have an answer for all—a card to one woman, a note to some friend or organization for another, comfort and advice to a third, the promise of a nurse to a fourth. Medicine is of many kinds and that which was given out in bot-

tles and envelopes seemed less important than the tonic she administered unconsciously.

Elizabeth was once six weeks old and life had made her the instrument of hope to those whose clouds refused to reveal silver linings. I rejoiced at the thought of the countless numbers of men and women who at six weeks were ready to be made into anything, who had been made into splendid servants of the common good, but into my rejoicing the night court obtruded its sinister, disturbing self.

The night court! Could its "cases" ever have been six weeks old, holding out little hands to a world that had made *this* of them? A young colored girl, helpless with drink—she had taken it "at dinner with a feller"; a sullen, dirty, unkempt girl who muttered and swore; a silly, frightened little thing in her teens who had not been very skilful at her task of helping herself from another's pocket and had been caught; a bold, painted, powdered woman, dressed like a girl, who seemed at home in the awful room; and a girl of the night with a sweet face, very young, a hat tawdry but of the latest fash-

ion, white shoes pitifully splashed with mud, gloves once white, and jewelry—rings on hands that were very thin and not very clean—the matron knew her. The air was unbearable, the hard fact that tiny babies, staring with puzzled eyes at the world into which they had come, had been made into this, stifled one.

Memories of the county hospital where men, young, defeated, desperate, dying, looked in vain for help, pressed hard. How little they had dreamed of the end when at first they opened the door and started out to see life! They had seen it at a very rapid pace; now they paid a deadly price. They were repentant and unrepentant, repulsive, appealing, complaining, insolent or grateful for the ministrations of brave nurses.

Could they ever have brought a smile of loving tenderness to a mother's face? Yes. Once even these were six weeks old—life had made this out of them. How did the evil thing which had brought them to this get its grip upon them? I asked it of the man who was giving his life to those whom it was still possible to cure, at least physically, and he answered me, as nearly every

worker among defeated men and women whom I have questioned has answered me:

"Most of it goes back to the home. The majority of these *did not know*. Early surroundings, lack of knowledge, low ideals and absence of home restraint explain perhaps in a sentence. The direct road in many cases is *drink*."

Where were the parents of these men, still young? I found myself wondering how many of them knew the fate of the sons they had brought into the world—these worse than wasted lives. Early surroundings! The days when they were six weeks, six years, twelve years—and could have been stamped with the trend toward righteousness! They had come from every walk in life, yet they lacked knowledge. And they had *men* for fathers. Men who had been through a boy's world, who knew the siren calls along the pathway of young manhood and had given no word of warning, sounded no danger signal, dodged their duty to the life in whose creation they had shared.

In all probability all talk of ideals and duties was left entirely to mothers and lacked the virility and straightforward

homeliness of manhood. There were no calls to mountain tops uttered to these sons by their fathers whose lips, perchance, were sealed by their lives. There was no home restraint! License was substituted for liberty because it was the easier way! Fathers who did not want to be "bothered" in the early years when respect is born and comrades are made, found themselves without power in the years when they realized the danger ahead. Fathers had been blind and deaf, only to be shocked into seeing and hearing when the mischief had been done. It takes fathers *and* mothers to be the *parents* of children and neither one can fulfill the duties of both. Let the men of America remember it in these days of building and strengthening the second line of defense. It is easy to postpone the task but the harvest of postponed duty is a bitter thing.

That father who rushed madly into the telegraph office a while ago to send telegrams to police departments in two large cities, asking that they be on the watch for his boy, had long postponed his duty. He had left the baby boy to his mother. When the little lad wanted to "go with

Daddy," he shook his head and said he could go some time but better stay with Mother that day. Mother taught him to pray, Mother heard his tales of adventure, listened patiently to records of early triumphs in marbles and baseball. Occasionally, when he had been very bad and Mother was desperate, Daddy punished him. Daddy bought his clothes and gave him a small allowance.

One day when the family was on its vacation the summer that he was twelve, the boy told his father something that another boy had told him, and asked if it were true. His father replied that it was partly true—he would better talk it over with his mother. He tried to continue the subject but the father dismissed it. One day the boy spoke to his mother about it and she asked the name of the boy who had talked to him. There were tears in her eyes and her son felt troubled, and as if he had done wrong though he did not know why. His mother gave him a book to read later but it did not tell him what he wanted to know, so he did not finish it. After that he asked no more questions—of his parents. His life went on as usual and his parents made no

further reference to the inquiry. He told them less and less of his vital interests. He lost his frankness with them and discussed only trivial things in their presence. He did not get on well in school. The teacher said he had ability but would not apply himself. He accepted his parents' reprimands in sullen silence.

One day he said he was going to leave school and go to work. His father flew into a rage and struck the son who was as strong and much taller than himself. The next night when the father came home, his wife was hysterical, the boy's clothes and suitcase were gone, together with the money that was kept in the home. Then the telegrams!

The man whose duty it was to find runaway boys got the description of this one clearly in his mind and the next morning met him as he stepped off the boat. This officer was more than an officer. He was a man, very human, very sympathetic, very keen, with a large place in his heart for boys. In a short time, in his office, he and the boy were chatting comfortably. He found that the boy was " sick of school and wanted to

see life." The officer invited him to go about with him on his day's work. He saw a mother receive her boy who had run away, and his lips trembled when the officer commented on the fact that running away was hardest on mothers, who had "taken care of big, husky chaps of seventeen when they were crying babies and general nuisances." They saw two girls sentenced to prison and the officer explained the part they played in the night-life of the great city. The boy shivered. They had a good lunch and then went to one of the wards in a hospital where the officer had to go for some information. He told the boy the truth about the men in that ward. Late in the afternoon they went to the city morgue, where the officer was to attempt to identify a man. It was too much for the lad and he could stay only a few moments. The officer gave to the boy the facts about the majority of cases of unidentified dead that find their way in a year to a city morgue. He saw in figures the large per cent. that had left school early, run away from home and, landing friendless in the city, had made the wrong connections and gone down. In

the midst of the explanations, he laid his hand on the officer's arm.

"I want to go home," he said. "I can make good at school all right if I try."

They went out and sent a telegram to the father. The officer had done his regular day's work and much more, for he had saved a hot-headed, passionate, adventurous youth who had ten dollars in his pocket with which to see life! After a good dinner, during which the boy poured out his confidences and troubles, they went to the movies.

The next morning the father arrived. He greeted the boy with a terrible arraignment of words that breathed out dire threats, but the boy interrupted him.

"Don't, father," he said. "I did not spend the night in jail. I spent it in this officer's home. He has been a friend to me—the kind of friend *you* should have been. I want to go home and make good."

The officer saw the sudden pain in the father's face, took him into another room and gave him some straight facts and some very good advice. When he came out he went straight to his son. His voice broke as he said,

"Don, forgive me, forgive me if you can. On my honor, I'll do better by you in future. I didn't understand. I've been blind."

"That's all right, father," said the boy, fighting for control. "I wasn't any saint. I haven't been square with you but I will be," and with that he flung himself into his father's arms.

More than two years have passed and he is making good. He was not a bad boy—most of them are not—but he had a very narrow escape from the fate of being made into a bad man.

As I recalled the inspired face of the officer who saved this boy and has saved countless others by his manly human friendliness, the task of making American fathers into such friends of their own sons seemed gigantic. I know it must be done, and soon, if the succeeding ranks of the second line of defense are to hold—it is the greatest challenge America has ever had flung at her heart!

The details of the task pressed me hard and with an abandon of relief I turned to the young father hurrying up the stairs in answer to his baby's cry. The walk had

been a glorious one. The mother's cheeks were flushed with the exercise in the open air. She hugged the baby close, comforted her, and in the vocabulary of a mother apologized to her for having been ten minutes late.

Gazing down at them with an indescribable look of admiration, pride, tenderness and protection, stood the young father. He was so strong, clear-eyed, clean, alert and honest. She was so content, efficient, unselfish and happy. It was good to think of the tens of thousands of them, men and women to whom life meant all this. It was good to remember the street on which they lived, a street lined with happy, simple homes, and children being successfully trained for citizenship in every one of them.

I went back to the great city, noisy and mad with haste, and with me in imagination there went also the long, long line, *the second line of defense!* America's children and youth, who, even though handicapped by a bad start, may yet be made equal to their task. I knew there were some things that must be said to lovers of Democracy, to all sorts and conditions of men and women who

in the *Day That Is,* can think of the *Day That Is to Be.* I knew I must tell them quickly, and before it was too late, that they must look "beyond the second mountain."

All one day we had been thrilled by the wonder and glory of the ranges that rose abruptly on the farther side of the plateau where we had made our camp. They were so superb in their grandeur, so far above all the ordinary things of a world where human beings bustle about their seemingly all-important tasks. A great, silent forest lay behind us. The late afternoon sun filtered through it and was lost in the indescribable coloring of the mountain slopes. Suddenly a friend passed the telescope to me.

"Look down at the right beyond the second mountain," he said. There in the canyon I saw a ranch house.

"There are five children in that home," added my friend, "and the world is going to hear from some of them some day. The oldest is a boy. He is in school in town—earning his own way, too. The olives and nuts, the fruit trees, the chickens and the bees are all making good. It's mighty fine to see them so prosperous."

I looked again at the mountains near and majestic ; a soft rose-colored haze was settling down over the first and touching the second—no ranch home—no human thing visible. Then I took up my glass again, and there was the house in the canyon with life, youth, hope, dreams and possibilities dwelling within it! The might and the majesty of those towering mountains had blotted out of mind the every-day world with its men and women, its boys and girls, its babies talking to themselves in their cradles. But the look beyond the second mountain brought back all the dear human things, all the promise of future days and new achievements, of rich contributions to a world's need in the form of men and women truly great.

I have never forgotten that look beyond the second mountain. I think all America needs to take it with me now, for the great mountains of human pain and agony rising abruptly from the plains of peace and the plateaus of prosperity, the second mountains of the glorious sacrifice and wonderful triumph of the human spirit, hold the vision and it is easy to forget all save their challenging summons. Some one must issue

the call to look through the telescope beyond the second mountain to the Home and the children it shelters.

They are still there—babies new-born, the boys and girls at play, and youth—youth fired with dreams of glory but not old enough to translate the dreams into action, youth looking with envious eyes upon khaki and blue. If only their parents have a grip upon the great American ideals, *they* are safe—if not, they and our great nation must pay the awful penalty.

If parents only knew! If they could be made to open their eyes and see, for example, the deadly menace of the city streets! The curfew law urged and passed in so many cities, the street matron, the policewoman, all indicate the awakening of city governments to its seductive influence. There is a charm, a spirit of adventure about the city streets in the evening, especially in the small manufacturing city with its "Main Street" well lighted, its stores open one or two evenings a week, its moving pictures, its "Lyrics," "Bijou Dreams" and "People's Palaces." It promises much more of interest than the average home where so

often an impatient father, a weary, nervous mother, and the younger children show little tolerance for the girl and boy of thirteen to sixteen. A large percentage of parents make no attempt to compete with the street, and so it is that girls from fourteen to eighteen spend their evenings upon it.

"What harm does it do?" asked a mother with whom I was pleading for more oversight of her two girls. "They've got to go somewhere and they enjoy it."

She could not see that the danger was great. "You're too particular," she insisted.

But the story of her older girl gives a very concrete illustration of the danger of the streets. The girl was fifteen when the discovery of a note she had written and, a little later, the comment of a boy as she passed, sent me to her mother. The next year, weary of school, she succeeded in gaining her father's reluctant consent to leave. She was eighteen when that father opened the door of their home and told her to go and never again enter his house, and her mother refused to detain her, upbraiding her for "the disgrace she had brought upon a decent, respectable woman." I know, and

every one who will think, knows that the disgrace came because of the stupid negligence of the man and woman who had brought her into the world and at the most critical period of her life let her go unguarded into the city streets.

What happened to her there? At first only a pleasurable excitement. After a while, familiarity with many things. The first time a young man whom she did not know spoke to her she was confused, disturbed; the next time, she did not mind so much; in a very little while she answered; then she spoke first herself if some one looked at her. She became well versed in the vernacular of the street. When a rather good-looking, flashily dressed young man, to whom she had never spoken before, asked her to go to "the show" with him, she refused but she watched for him each night and when he asked her again, she went. She became enamored of "shows" and "movies," had only a little spending money and was glad to be taken. Her father "jollied" her and her mother laughed good-naturedly at her many beaux. The second year she went without her sister, who had

been seized with a desire to take music lessons, had secured a piano on the installment plan and was giving all her time to the practice of popular songs which she sang remarkably well and which opened the door to many enjoyable "parties" for her. No one but this younger sister knew how very late the older girl came in some nights, or how "queerly" she acted now and then.

One late autumn day, the older girl announced that she was to be married and Jim didn't want a wedding and fuss. He wanted to go to a justice of the peace, alone with her, and then have a little supper afterward and go right away on a wedding trip. Her mother demurred. She had been married by a minister and her daughter must be, with a decent wedding. So Jim was persuaded and the day was set; but two weeks before it came, Jim disappeared. He has never been found though some of the "boys" have heard from him.

It is a commonplace story, this downward plunge of a pretty, silly girl. It could be duplicated in many cities with very little variety in detail.

The street, at night, is no place for a girl

or a boy. They have nothing to gain and everything to lose by spending their spare time upon it. The street lowers moral tone, destroys modesty, puts young people from respectable homes in contact with the underworld, and opens doors which may lead to disaster and shame.

Again the whole staggering problem has been hurled into my consciousness by various experiences of the past month. One evening, returning rather late from town, I saw Alfred leaning against a telephone post, smoking a cigarette. He threw the cigarette away and greeted me. After a moment's chat, he said he would walk along home with me. I asked about the Y. M. C. A. "gym" work in which, last year, he had been greatly interested.

"Well," he said, "to tell you the truth, it's dull down there now. The boys' secretary was drafted. Gosh! but you ought to see him in uniform. He's some soldier, believe me! And the regular secretary's gone to a hut at ———. They've got a new one to take his place but they haven't got a boys' secretary yet. Nothing doing down there. The fellers have kinder dropped out."

I asked about the two brothers who had been called by the draft.

"They're crazy about the army, both of 'em," he said; "they want to get across, that's all they're after! But my mother is something terrible! She cries every night at supper, wanting them back, you know. My father says if she don't quit he won't come home, he'll eat down-town. Of course she can't help it but it isn't very pleasant."

In a flash I understood the changed appearance of this high school boy of sixteen, the reasons for the cigarette and the telephone post. Both brothers had graduated from the high school and entered the business world. The mother had economized in every way and the father had toiled diligently that these sons might have the education denied to their parents. That mother did not belong to any patriotic organization, she heard no ringing addresses, she was not a church attendant, she seldom read, she only knew that her boys had gone! She forgot her husband and the needs of the son whom she told daily of her disappointed hopes and her satisfaction that they couldn't take him, for at least five years. Then she

gave way to her misery. She had nothing to help her.

Meanwhile the boy of sixteen, longing himself to do something great in the name of his country, found the "gym" deserted, a great blank left by the absence of the live wire who had been the boys' secretary and only depression and gloom at home. At the very moment when every spark of emotion, every outreaching for service should be conserved, at the very moment when every bit of physical energy should be trained, the boy was left to himself and the influence of his vain wish that he could "get in and do something."

If it were an isolated case one need not be so much concerned, but it is not. America has a small army of boys depressed by home conditions, profoundly stirred by the events of the past year, with energies undirected and strong leadership lacking. The great mountains of challenge have called hundreds of leaders into camps and across the sea, and rightly so, but the time has come when we must look beyond the second mountain and see the children and youth. The home is here; children must be fed, clothed, taught,

and given legitimate pleasures, despite the doubts, the fears, the uncertainties that beset even the strongest hearts. America's supreme task is to win over seas. Without Victory, nothing else will count. But we dare not forget that America has a *future* that will need men and women of calibre such as the world has never called for before. They must be made *now* or they will *never* be made. We must call in clarion tones to all America to look to the second line of defense, but especially to parents, who, if they fail in their duty in this hour of crisis and need, will deserve the scorn of all men.

In a certain section of a town where the presence of large numbers of both soldiers and sailors complicates social conditions, a group of women called in the various homes where there are girls from thirteen to nineteen years of age. It was in the late fall but the weather was perfect. In the sixty homes visited but five daughters were present. The calls were made between eight-thirty and nine-thirty. In the homes where the girls were not present, *only eight parents knew where they were supposed to be.*

"Probably taking a walk," "At the movies, maybe," "She goes to a little party most nights," "With her friend, Mamie, they always go together," and a frank "I don't know" or "I can't be tying her up in the house or chasing after her, can I?" were the answers to queries regarding the daughters' whereabouts. When the father was at home there was, as a rule, criticism of the mother for her leniency. The women engaged in the work were convinced that the parents of these girls practically never knew where they were, in some cases did not care. They did not know what time they came in, or, if they did, roused themselves only long enough to administer a scolding or occasionally "a beating," and went to sleep again. These were the city's untrained, venturesome, unprotected girls. Schoolgirls with girl chums or with boys in uniform and out of it, found upon the streets, at the movies or in the parks after nine o'clock admitted, in many cases, that their parents did not know where they were.

It cannot be emphasized too strongly, or repeated too often, that the street, the "movies," the parks, are bad places for the

girls in their teens to get training for their part in the second line of defense, and parents have a responsibility which they do not feel. They must be made to realize it, if possible, and ways must be found to persuade them to assume it.

I know that the mountains of immediate need rising before our eyes must be considered to the very limit of our ability, to the point of genuine self-denial, but I know, too, that we must take the far look and become keenly aware of the daughters in the homes, or the Democracy purchased at such fearful cost will be weakened at its heart.

While that look beyond the mountains must embrace all the children of the home, it must at present focus upon the "teen years." What is done for them must be done quickly, for they are in the first ranks of the second line of defense. I spent a morning recently in the office of the Bureau of Missing Persons of a great city. One of the most interesting of the many impressive files was the past year's folder containing the cards of missing persons arranged by ages. From one to ten, it was a very thin

folder with but few cards, from ten to fifteen it was scarcely half an inch thick, but *from fifteen to twenty, the folder, packed tightly with the cards of the missing, measured more than twelve inches;* from twenty to thirty, it was less than half the size; from thirty to forty, it dwindled down until at sixty to seventy it was again a thin folder.

These and other records of the "teen years" haunt one who sees their full significance. Examination of such cards and study of the facts make the Homes of the nation loom large as a great menace, or a wonderful safeguard. Youth does not run away from a happy home where justice and love rule. It spends its evenings, its Saturdays and Sundays away from the home where there is mismanagement, lack of fair discipline, misunderstanding, constant nagging, dire poverty and drunkenness—often it leaves it forever. Ninety per cent. of the "teens" who run away from home leave behind them some one or all of these conditions.

Parents, foreign-born, must be Americanized. That is, having been taught the English language so that in a measure they

understand words, they must be helped to understand, for at present they do not, the spirit of the new land from which they hoped so much. They must be helped to see that even in a great Democracy, the hated Autocracy still lingers, that Greed strives for victory, that the harmful and selfish capitalist still exists, that the profiteer dies hard, but that the true spirit of America, gaining ground rapidly, struggling desperately against terrific odds, clung to as the one ideal never to be relinquished, is equality of opportunity for every soul, is sane coöperation as opposed to unfair competition, is humanitarian and not commercialized government. Not only must this ideal be made clear to the foreign-born parents but it must be emphasized and re-emphasized for all parents who struggle upward against great odds or who, having lost hope, dully accept things as they are. This ideal must be felt, must be realized, or we have no foundation upon which to base our plea for the second line of defense.

The American spirit of a fair chance for every man, if accepted, believed and put into action, would change the atmosphere

of many a "foreign quarter," many a down-town district, many a so-called slum.

The time has come to call the American-born parent back to American ideals. Once more the fathers must tell their children of the great Americans of other days, must thrill their souls with the tales of the answers of men to the call for sacrifice in the name of Liberty. It is the solemn duty of mothers to open the eyes of their daughters to the unlimited and willing sacrifices of the women of our nation's early days. The conservation of food is a difficult task for the women of our day, but it sinks into insignificance as one stands alone on that brown rock on the sandy shores of Plymouth and looks back upon the hillside where were buried the men, women and children who could not survive the "starving-time." The other day I stood in the heavy snow beside the rock, looking out over the harbor at the masts of a vessel caught in the ice, and back at the burying ground with its dull gray slabs rising out of the stretches of whiteness, and remembered that despite loneliness, suffering, savages and death, not one went back in the *Mayflower!* Meatless and

heatless days seemed an easy sacrifice after that. American mothers, with every privilege, need to be reminded of the great gift of Liberty, paid for in blood and tears, that they may tell it to their daughters. For alas, the failures and tragedies of the "teen" years are not confined to homes of poverty and ignorance. The sons and daughters of wealth and opportunity are also paying the price of their parents' failure.

The American Home needs once more to be the center of inspiration for deeds that must be done for the new liberty and the true Democracy, struggling more desperately than ever it has struggled since the world began, to free itself from the bonds that bind. The conflict to-day is not a conflict between men and men, nation and nation; it is far more than that; it is the deadly struggle between Ideals. The intelligent American home created by two people who have had every material advantage is failing in its duty if, in these days when the world fights for the very existence of the principle of the rights of the weak, they do not instill into the hearts of their children the fundamental principles upon which

brotherhood is built. If they permit their children to grow up in an atmosphere of autocracy and special privilege, it will mean not only shrinking their souls, warping their minds, cheating them of their rights as American children, but it will mean threatening the future nation with more dire calamity than it faces to-day overseas.

It is the ideal that makes character. They tell us that we of this generation have held ourselves steady, in a measure, through the transmitted moral force of the generation behind us. What shall keep our children steady? They are six weeks old—they have no ideals—they are six years old—there is hope—they are sixteen—our task is pretty nearly done—they are twenty—whether we will or no, our fundamental work is finished, We have given "the set to the life," we have transmitted ideals.

But I find hundreds in the cell blocks of Sing Sing, in their damp, dark, six by four rooms, whose minds and hearts were once open to the entrance of any sort of ideal; and I find the night court with its pathetic array of women and girls whose minds were once open to the call of great ideals; and,

most hopeless of all, I find the state and county hospitals where lie those who have gone to the end of the road! Some one blundered, some one failed, and usually that failure is in the mighty power station where ideals are generated, *the Home.*

Or I see them, those who were once six weeks old, in places of supreme sacrifice and service, clean, honest, pure-hearted, held steady in a world with many a lure into the by-paths that lead to defeat, by the Ideals, parent-given, in the *Homes* of the nation.

To be very concrete, America, jealous for the welfare of her second line of defense, calls upon wise, intelligent and well-informed parents to support the curfew laws even if their own children are safe. America calls upon such parents to be concerned about their *neighbors'* sons and daughters. If the streets of the city are crowded with boys and girls in their teens and the parks are poorly lighted and inadequately patrolled, they should work for a remedy. It is not a difficult thing for mothers who do understand to talk things over with mothers whose eyes are not opened. It is not difficult for fathers who are wise to say a

word now and then to the men whom they employ, especially if they are from a foreign land and find it hard to cope with their Americanized sons and daughters. They can let them know that the public library is not open until ten-thirty, and that no daughters of theirs should study until ten "at a girl's house," reaching home at ten-thirty every night; they can show them that the story that makes every seat taken at the first picture-play so that a girl has to wait until the second and can't get home until ten-thirty, would better be investigated; that girls are not given chains and bracelets, rings and mesh bags by their employers because they are so "smart" and do their work well—if they earn a larger salary they will get it in money, in honorable firms or offices, not in gifts.

If wise parents, protecting and shielding their own children, have at heart the welfare of their country, they will hold out a helping hand to every one of these other parents, ignorant and short-sighted. We cannot live alone, and the fate of the sons and daughters of sheltered homes, the fate of cities and, indeed, of nations, may one day be decided

by the youth that ought to be an asset but may become, through carelessness and neglect, a great liability.

America calls upon parents whom she has the right to suppose are intelligent, to look to their own sons and daughters, to teach them the meaning of love to God and love for man, to train them in ethics, to train them in a sincere hatred of shams, a deep love of truth, a passion for justice; to show them the folly of extravagance, the futility of attempting to lead any sort of double life, to inspire in them a real desire for a life lived in the light and dedicated to happy and genuine service. It is the right of children to be trained in willing and prompt obedience, in reverence for others and their possessions, in frankness and industry. It is their right to be taught from the very beginning that no one on earth can legitimately get "something for nothing," that every human being owes something to his brother and that work is the greatest gift of God to man. Many children, especially among those surrounded by comforts and luxuries, are denied this training.

America calls upon all parents, the well-

to-do and fortunate and the poor and unfortunate, to make the discipline of their sons and daughters not the discipline of convenience but the regular and definite discipline which is just and character-forming.

Every American parent, awakened to the needs of the second line of defense, may find in loyal Forums, those great new institutions of education and Americanization, the opportunity to freely discuss with fathers and mothers of all creeds and tongues, of every station in the social scale, what our forefathers truly sought when they died to make this a land of the free. Once parents can be taught that their children are in a land of the free and that, so far as the *national ideal* is concerned, equality of opportunity is their right, then America can demand that they as parents shall do *their* full share in providing opportunity for their children. America has the right to demand that, rich or poor, parents shall not handicap their children by physical weakness or disease. Men and women must be educated to believe that a man or woman who is a slave to alcohol, or to drugs, or a victim of any form of the social evil, commits an unpardonable

and heinous crime by bringing into the world a helpless, little bit of humanity to bear the stain and curse, and that such a man or woman has forfeited the right to parenthood. American men and women ought to be willing to face frankly the appalling facts regarding the feeble-minded and be willing to *act* that the second line of defense may not suffer.

Parents who are poor and ignorant must be taught the value of cleanliness. If statistics can be relied upon, and it is a fact, as maintained, that one out of every seven babies gives up the struggle for life during the first year, then it is time for every patriotic American to ask questions and compel himself to answer them. When the report goes further and insists that one-half the number die from preventable diseases, the task of saving them seems possible. That parents *can* be educated has been proven more than once. I shall not soon forget the year that a certain city-wide campaign against the fly was carried out. It was a real inspiration to go through the narrow streets of "Little Finland" that summer and see the screens in the windows,

the covered garbage, the children with various traps and implements to "Swat the Fly," and the babies asleep with cotton netting over their beds and carriages. Under the enthusiastic leadership of a wonderful woman, school, church, newspaper, moving-picture houses, all coöperated to instruct the home. Physicians testified to the great reduction in general illness and the rate of infant mortality dropped perceptibly.

The next summer, the woman who had led so enthusiastically was in Europe. Lack of leadership in the renewal of interest and instruction meant a failure of the campaign. Scavengers who had been careful were careless, women lapsed into old habits, the clean-up days were barely noted in the papers. One year was not enough in which to educate the public. In a word, the situation explains the great weakness in American reforms for the public welfare. They depend in the main upon individuals who volunteer their services. When the personal plans of the individual change, the campaign for reform suffers. Reform based upon volunteer effort is, as a rule, spasmodic. Education, on the other hand, is never spas-

modic. Patiently, slowly but with real determination, it emphasizes and re-emphasizes the facts and creates the ideals. No child learns to read, spell or write, nor does he learn number combinations, history, geography, Latin, physics, or higher mathematics, or any other thing through spasmodic effort. He learns through definite, repeated, illustrated instruction which has authority behind it. American parents need such education in the laws of health, in the means of prevention of disease. They need instruction. The American city in its fight against disease needs an intelligent, trained, adequate Board of Health, capable of educating its people, with a term of service long enough to make some impact upon ignorance and shiftlessness—with freedom from political party interference and handicap. Cities which have maintained such a Board even for a short period have demonstrated its value.

Men and women of a high order of intelligence, of sufficient means to take their own children away to places of comparative safety during an epidemic, are only beginning to give time and thought to the con-

sideration of the fact that measles, diphtheria, typhoid, tuberculosis, meningitis, poliomyelitis may not begin in their sheltered, beautiful homes with spotless cleanliness and regenerating sunshine but, despite all their efforts, *may end there.* Yet after repeated epidemics they fail to act intelligently, persistently, with educational policies that affect the whole city. Democracy has not yet fully impressed its citizenship with the tremendous significance of the words—"For the good of the whole."

Darkness is dispelled only by light, ignorance by knowledge, inability by efficiency—that is, if America is to overcome darkness, ignorance and inability to function, she must do it by the only method—education which trains. A visit to one of our best national cantonments gives one new courage as he dreams of a day when cities will be clean. The spectacle of forty or fifty thousand men living in a veritable "spotless town" is heartening. The presence of refuse is a crime, personal carelessness is a punishable offense, dirt of any sort intolerable. One of the boys returning to his home in a neglected, overcrowded, unsanitary tene-

ment section of the city, was dismayed and disgusted with conditions as he saw them.

"All my life," he told me, "I lived there and never even thought about it. It looked all right to me. But believe me, after these months of training and the lectures and all I've seen, I can't stand it. There's no sense living that way. Disease is worse than bullets in the army, they say, and I guess it is everywhere else. I told the kids in our house to clean up and I'm watching them do it."

They are doing it. In fact, just now, "the kids" in that neighborhood will do almost anything asked of them by khaki or blue. Hundreds of thousands of the men now in training in camps here and on the other side will come back some day. They will not forget their training in the laws of health, their continual, unrelenting fight against disease in every form. They will help in the campaign of education, but we cannot wait for them. Childhood can be taught anything; it can be trained to accept standards. If teaching and training are done with enthusiasm, parents will feel the effect of both. It is a comparatively

easy task to find the means by which to educate parents in a day when press, moving pictures, the platform, house to house visitation are ready to accept the task. The difficulty lies in awakening the *desire* to educate, in cutting the maze of red tape that holds progress ensnared, and in overcoming the wiles of the ever-present grafter.

For the sake of the second line of defense every intelligent parent should join heart and voice in a mighty call to the nation to educate, to train, to guide, and, where necessary, to compel *all* parents to do their full duty by the children they have brought into the world. Experience has demonstrated that parents of all sorts and conditions are capable of response to education—it only remains to convince the American mind and conscience of the fact that the educational method must triumph over the spasmodic, voluntary reform method.

In the ranks of the second line of defense are the boys and girls sixteen years old to-day—in five little years they will be twenty-one; a few more and they will be looking down into white cribs where their own children lie, six weeks old and ready to

be made into *anything*. The time is short. The American Nation, reminding every parent of the duty of patriotism, a higher patriotism than the world has ever known before, calls upon them to prepare their own children, the second line of defense, for Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness, calls upon them to bend every effort to training these children in the spirit and the letter of that Democracy which the first line of defense of many nations is dying to secure for them. Thank God the Stars and Stripes float at this moment over countless Homes that are answering the call.

IV

THE CALL TO TEACHERS

ONE of the greatest compliments ever paid by the people of a nation to any of its institutions has been paid by America to her public schools. She has turned to them to remedy every deficiency of home, church and community as it reveals itself in childhood and youth. Are the children hopelessly dirty? Shower baths are installed and Teacher supervises the cleansing process; or if taxes are high and the school committee not advanced enough for baths, Teacher must see that the child is reasonably clean as to hands and face, at least. If he is underfed and poorly nourished, Teacher must report it; if he is served a school lunch Teacher must supervise that; if he is ill, Teacher sees that the attention of the school nurse or doctor is called to it, or if there be no nurse or doctor, she must call the attention of a careless home to it. If

the child does not come to school, Teacher sees that the attendance officer knows about it. Teacher tests eyes and ears and keeps the records, she writes about adenoids and tonsils and teeth on life cards; sometimes she gives the Bénet tests. Between times she teaches how to read, to add, to write, to spell and pours a staggering number of facts into the grayish matter of young brains. A teacher trains the girl to sew and cook and mend and the boy to saw and plane, design and make an astonishing number of articles. Teacher makes agricultural experiments and supervises gardens. Of late, she teaches girls the art of motherhood (as yet training in fatherhood has not knocked at the school door), and now in the midst of the world chaos, a whole nation turns to Teacher asking that she teach patriotism and ideal Americanism. And the miracle is that the public school has answered every demand with "We will attempt it!"

Teacher has divided the five hours into more minute fractions of minutes, and gone at the task. Indeed, the public school has answered the demands of the nation in the spirit of the men who, having cut the

continent in two, came back from Panama, saying:

"Got any rivers they say are uncrossable?
Got any mountains you can't tunnel through?
We specialize in the wholly Impossible —
Doing what nobody ever could do!"

It is because of the knowledge that each new call will be answered in that spirit, that in the name of the second line of defense one sends out a call to the teachers of America. As in the case of the business men and the parents there are teachers in every department of the school system with little vision, or inspiration, lacking in sympathy, insight and enthusiasm. They are often well prepared upon their special subjects and teach them after the fashion of good machines. They are the book teachers, the devotees of red tape, the blind followers of the last detail of a curriculum. They have no originality, they have no powers of leadership, they have forgotten what it means to be thrilled by *anything*. Oftentimes they are the victims of an educational system so iron-clad that before five years of experience have passed, they have become mere cogs in the machine. Often-

times they have become what they are because they were victims of supervision so close and so narrow that there was nothing to do but resign, or yield—and those who resign find it hard to start again.

I shall never forget the young girl just beginning her teaching, who asked to lunch with me one day because she was "in difficulty." She said she was disappointed in the teaching profession. She had entered upon her work with great enthusiasm, but the supervisor did not approve of anything that was not done at her request, or according to her outline, and the girl was severely reprimanded for an original method she had used. She had the courage of her convictions and protested.

"But I think that ——"

The supervisor continued unheeding. Again the girl tried:

"But I think that ——"

The third time she said it, the supervisor stopped and looking straight at her said,

"Well, you needn't think; I did not ask what you thought. I have asked you to follow the outline exactly. I do not wish any points of departure."

I sought an interview with the supervisor and said that the girl was unusually intelligent, original and enthusiastic, and ought to be developed.

"Yes," she replied, "she seems to have intelligence. I do not know that we need enthusiasm and originality. The course is well planned and if followed will carry out our purpose."

It was of no use. That supervisor could not see the value of a living personality behind a "course." The girl has been slowly dying, professionally, during the last four years; a little while longer and she will be fitted into the mould, dead—and content.

Oftentimes the teacher becomes a mere machine through lack of leadership upon the part of a superintendent who has come to believe that the primary duties of his position are those that keep him in his office making outlines of courses or attending to the details of books and records and purchases—work that any office clerk could do—and now and then looking into his schoolrooms, critically watching the principal or teacher or speaking to the pupils if he be in the mood for it, and then passing

on without a word of intelligent, constructive criticism or of commendation and hearty approval.

Sometimes the teacher has become a machine through the blindness of Boards of Education who have so planned the years of professional training that he enters upon his work with ability to pass creditable examinations and retain and transmit facts—but with no training whatever in the things of the human spirit.

Whatever the means by which he has been made into a good, or even an excellent, teaching machine, in this hour of chaos he must hear the call to be human. No one is great who cannot think, feel and act in the environment of another, and without that greatness one cannot teach Democracy to the second line of defense. Many a teacher fails utterly in the teaching of Democracy because he knows nothing of it. He has never caught even a gleam of its great glory. He teaches words.

I know two principals of large buildings in a great city. One got his position because he was a graduate of a fine and popular college. He has developed his school

until he has a right to be proud of its record. The other man took a special course at a small normal school. He began to teach in a little country village, and has come to his present position by a series of well-deserved promotions. His school is one of which the whole city is proud. Both men have won success, but between them there is a great gulf fixed. There need not be, for by travel, wide reading and study, the second man has become in every way the equal of the first. But the first man is conscious of his superior preparation and makes the second man conscious of it, constantly referring to "the college man." He has the spirit of the autocrat. He believes subconsciously in distinctions based upon things other than *merit* and *service*. He cannot teach the true essence of Democracy.

Many a time I have noted lines of distinction drawn in the teaching force between normal school teachers and high school teachers, between teachers in the high school and those in the grammar school, and between the grammar and primary teachers. I have even heard phrases and comments that showed a sense of distinction between

teachers of senior and teachers of freshman classes, between teachers of business and teachers of classical courses. How strange it is! One is tempted to remind such teachers again and again of a few verses in a very old Book that describes more than one desperate struggle of the democratic spirit. It says, "Now are they many members yet but one body. And the eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee; nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you. Nay, much more those members of the body which seem to be more feeble are necessary—that there should be no schism in the body; but that the members should have the same care one for another and whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it or if one member be honored all the members rejoice with it."

The true democrat is conscious of the profound fact that advantages in preparation and endowment lay upon one who possesses them not greater honors but greater responsibilities. When the teacher feels throbbing through intellect and conscience the Democracy which means "All for each and each for all," when he recog-

nizes that he has a vital part in the great struggle which will one day win equality of opportunity for all mankind, when he sees in his schoolroom the future nation and feels his responsibility for it, he can teach Democracy. Not till then. Try as one may, he cannot teach to another that which he does not know himself. The nation sends out a clarion call to its teachers to strive to become, if they are not already, truly democratic in spirit. They will be if they are human.

Every mature man and woman knows as he looks back over his school life that, with a very few exceptions, he never thought of his teachers as human. He could not analyze his feelings but nevertheless he looked upon his teachers as beings set apart, very different in every way from a boy or girl, even from his parents. He did not expect the teacher to *understand*. The youth of to-day, with occasional exceptions, feels the same way. A short time after war was formally declared by America, I chanced to ride into town one afternoon with a high school boy whom I knew. He told me of his great desire to enlist. He was sixteen.

He explained the advantages of enlisting when young, and said the government had made a mistake in putting the age so high. Then he described with a good deal of enthusiasm the presentation of a very beautiful silk flag to his school.

"Do you know Mr. ———, our principal?" he asked. "Well, a funny thing happened. He had to accept the flag for the school. He made a good speech, too, and then at the close while he was saying something about what it would cost to carry the flag to victory, his voice got kinder shaky and tears rolled right down his cheeks. He had to stop and wipe 'em off. Then, after a minute, he finished up *fine* about trusting the flag to us. All the girls were crying and some of us fellers could have done it all right! Well, the next day, we found out he had just had a telegram that morning from his son, the only child he's got, saying he'd enlisted with the college fellows. That noon, we fellers all got together and when Mr. ——— came down-stairs we gave our school yell for his son—Fred, his name is—and then we gave one for him. He's all right! We fellers didn't know he

was like that at all. Always seemed kind of—well, I don't know,—kind of cold. You know."

It may be because of fine organization and discipline, it may be because of the type of pupils, or the course of study, that in the months since the incident related, that school has made a remarkable record in patriotic service of every sort. But during these months, I have had three or four boys and several girls tell me of the principal's speech in receiving the flag and of the deep impression it had made on them.

"Of course," they say, "we're helping in the food conservation. You don't catch a girl in our school with candy. It all goes across. We keep all the wheatless days. I guess no one could help it if he'd heard what Mr. ——— said that morning and had seen the way he looked. It made you want to do *everything* you can."

I have a very deep conviction that it is the address of that morning when, in the presence of his pupils, principal and teacher became suddenly a man, and his heroic and patriotic spirit broke through his formalism, which has given to the twelve hundred

youths in that building this spirit of fervor and devotion. I feel certain that more patriotism can be caught in five minutes than can be abstractly taught in fifty, and I am sure that when the spirit of patriotism so caught is directed into definite channels of practical service, there is no limit to its power.

To stand before one's class and weep is not necessary. Far from it. But to reveal to one's class in some way that he is a human being first, and then an instructor or educator, is an absolute necessity if one is to teach the spirit of Democracy or the principles of patriotism and American idealism.

Valuable and necessary as are modern buildings and equipment, modern courses of study, modern text-books and methods, after all is said and done, the great dynamic force of the educational system is the teacher. If that teacher, man or woman, be human, if he has caught the spirit and purpose of Democracy, if he is intelligent, well-informed, well-trained and in love with life, nothing can keep youth from following his leadership. He will develop in them a real knowledge of the duties and privileges of

the American citizen and he will awaken in them a passion for world citizenship. No person, man or woman, lacking these qualifications, has any right to a place in the public school system of America in this great hour.

About a year ago, I visited a Girls' High School in a large city, housed in a building of which any community should be ashamed. Extra seats had been crowded in again and again until there was scarcely room to pass between the rows. It was dark. In some rooms gas must be used all day. Walls were dingy, ceilings dirty, stairs and halls worn with age. The equipment in books and maps and other material was limited, old, and in a most unhygienic state. Despite all these things, the school had an enviable record. A larger percentage of those entering its freshman class remained for graduation than in any other school in the city, although it was situated in a section where parents found life a hard struggle. As I studied the school, I soon understood. There was at the head of it a *woman.* She was mother, friend, big sister and teacher. All that poor homes, wretched building and inadequate equipment had put in her way,

could not prevail against her! Those girls believed what she said about the value of an education—so did their parents. They stuck it through. They loved America as she did, and their earnest faces and voices vibrant with feeling as they read their essays on Loyalty told me how deep the lessons had gone. I felt a new spirit of loyalty myself, in spite of the fact that I knew that politics had snatched away the new building for which the citizens had persistently petitioned.

Some days later I visited a new, thoroughly modern building with wonderful equipment. There were light, air, wide floor spaces, offices, a large assembly hall, and the building was fire-proof. But in it there was neither a woman nor a man—there were the principal and the assistant and many teachers. I could not visit all the class-rooms but the spirit of the school could be seen and felt. There was no enthusiasm, no spontaneous interest. They saluted the flag accurately and in orderly fashion, and sang "The Star Spangled Banner" in the same way. I saw no flashing eyes, heard no thrill in the voices. The lesson in civics

was of the same type—logical, orderly, with special emphasis laid on parts on which a later examination would question them. The pupils *rushed* away from this school upon dismissal. They had lingered to talk and study in the other.

The next day I went to another modern and beautiful school building. I knew the moment the cordial greeting was given me in the office that a real man had found his way into the teaching profession. I discovered during that day such a spirit of coöperation as I have seldom seen anywhere. This man practically chose his own teachers by eliminating those who did not "fit in," that is, those who knew only the letter and had missed the spirit. From the freshman class to the senior I found the same enjoyment and interest. The upper classes had poise, fine self-control, and showed remarkable freedom and ability in discussion of the varied lesson material. It was a great school to remember when in need of inspiration. I could not help contrasting it with the one visited the previous day, and telling myself again that the teacher is the supreme force in the educa-

tional system and all calls for the growth and development of democratic Americanism must be answered by him. If he is not able to answer, buildings and equipment avail little; if he is able to answer and is given the best of equipment and finest of buildings, he will produce a splendid type of American for the second line of defense. And if he be of the right sort, even though handicapped by buildings wholly unfit, he will still make Americans.

The nature of the teaching profession demands more insistently at this moment than ever before that the man or woman undertaking it be bigger than his job, and for the safety and efficiency of the second line of defense, let us be grateful that thousands of them are. To those who are not, this is a call and a challenge.

Those who are *men* and *women* of vision and power *first*, and then teachers, find themselves handicapped, as we have seen, by courses and conditions over which they have no control and in whose making they have no part. I am remembering a wonderful man in charge of two schools in a large foreign district. He knows the chil-

dren will leave school as soon as possible and he is eager to teach them to read well, to express themselves clearly in good English, both written and spoken. He wants them to spell at least fairly well. He wants to teach them American history through stories of its heroes, and American principles of government through simple demonstration classes. He wants to teach them to sing and to love it; he longs to let them see beautiful pictures and to visit with them historic spots and public buildings. But the course of study is iron-clad. He has not been permitted to depart from it. For most sections of the city it is an admirable course but it works injustice to his pupils.

The many subjects outlined for the enrichment of the course leave him but little time for direct or indirect study of English. He has something like thirty minutes a day for oral reading and forty pupils in a class. He cannot teach history as he wishes because, in that course, the children must begin in the first grade with cave men and proceed along lines of the progress of the race and by the time they get to a real study of American history they are ready to leave

school. He cannot teach them to sing for the love of it and for the development in community consciousness that it brings, for the course requires that he should "cover" a certain amount of ground. The examinations by which, all over the city, promotions are made, are uniform regardless of the fact that many buildings house children from homes of culture, refinement and every advantage, while many of these children were born on the other side and came to school right from the ships. I have seen girls who long to go to high school and whose parents are willing to sacrifice anything to help them, remain in the seventh grade for two years, fail to pass the third year and give up. I found a boy of fifteen in the sixth grade, his father determined that he should finish the grammar school work, and he unable to pass because failure in two subjects brought his rank down. No allowances are made for the differences in environment or the knowledge of English. The iron-clad course is to this fine, broad-minded American citizen, capable of real leadership, a true *man* in the teaching profession, a stone wall over which it is almost impossible to pass. Only

a short-sighted, theoretical Board could insist upon strict adherence to a course that is bound to thwart the efforts of those who are eager to strengthen the second line of defense. But such Boards exist, and in large numbers.

No one realizes as fully as does the true teacher how closely related are the industries and the child whom he longs to develop into a worthy American citizen. The industries want youth for their unskilled labor. It means little to them that the steady monotony of a task that calls for no exercise of mental faculties but just endlessly repeats itself will eventually dull all the senses, deaden the imagination and stifle ideals. They want labor—cheap. Parents want money, even a little money, to eke out the family income each week and the child is caught between the two. The day when a bright, wide-awake boy or an intelligent girl with unusual ability is obliged to discharge his books and go to work is a day of tragedy to the true teacher. In some states at eleven, in some at twelve, in most at fourteen, they begin to go.

Many a teacher asks most disconcerting

questions of himself when he sees one boy who is apparently incapable of gaining knowledge remaining in school, while another boy, mentally alert and most promising, must go; or one girl who has no interest save in dress and pleasure, and no ability, pursuing her course and managing to get through, while the girl across the aisle with ability, originality and imagination must go out to stand behind a machine which, in the natural course of events, will never release her—or, if it does, will send her to the duties of wife and mother depleted by the strain of toil through the years when physical life makes large demands.

The teacher is greatly handicapped in his work of developing citizenship by industries which offer labor to youth and economic conditions that force or tempt parents to close the door of school to the child. I have witnessed many bitter tears as children, in the years past, came to my own desk for a pink slip that would enable them to discharge books. Not until the law of every state forces the maintenance of continuation schools for those who must leave prematurely, and factory instruction at least

through the teens, can the teacher see a child of fourteen leave school without the great fear that American citizenship, high standards of living, health, loyalty to idealism, have again lost out. If the continuation school is brought up to its best, those forced into industry at fourteen shall have at least what Democracy promised them—*a chance.* When these, having availed themselves of that chance, reach the age when they can vote, they will vote in such fashion that youth under sixteen will not be allowed to enter the doors of industry. The average child under sixteen is in no way capable of deciding how he will earn his livelihood. In the majority of cases it is mere fate that decides his future. He enters a certain industry because companions are at work there, because parents, or older brothers or sisters, can get him a job. Vocational training and guidance do much for him, but for his own good and America's future, the child under sixteen cannot wisely be placed in industry. He belongs in school. Mothers' pensions and other means of meeting special cases of great need can be found when once the principle of the protection of

youth against every form of exploitation is firmly established.

But when teachers are mere teaching machines, the failure on the part of pupils to remain in school must often be laid at their own door. How familiar is the tragedy that takes place in the last year of the grammar school, and especially during the freshman year of the high school! I remember very definitely one boy whose parents had sacrificed to the greatest possible degree that he might have an education. His mother told me that he was to be the first college man on either side of the family. He was a boy of average ability in some lines and very definite and marked ability in mechanical and mathematical lines. The goal of his ambition was "Tech." He had had a desperate struggle with English composition and history in the grammar school, but a sympathetic and wise woman had held him steady, helped him to "plug," and fired his determination to keep on. When he reached the high school everything changed; classes were large, lessons were *assigned* and recited the next day. There was almost no real teaching, there was no indi-

vidual assistance. This boy was shy, and knowing his weakness in "*Literature*" (he said it scornfully), he did not volunteer to recite and was called upon but seldom. The literature, one must confess, was not of the sort to inspire a love for the great things the men of the past have written—it was mainly analysis, and the history was a series of rather dull and ancient campaigns. In examination on these subjects he failed, but in his special lines he passed away above the average.

One day, one of his teachers, exasperated by two paragraphs in composition, said a sarcastic thing, and the boy, discouraged, said he guessed he'd throw it all up. The great desire for "Tech," which he believed, with implicit faith, would train him to be a great engineer, held him. When the June marks were given out, however, he was below grade. Only a little below but far enough to mean repeating the year's work or carrying heavy conditions which he might possibly some time work off.

But the most serious thing was neither the conditions nor the advice to repeat; it was the effect upon the boy. There was no

one who understood. His parents felt that he had disgraced them—that they had given him every chance and he was "not smart enough." The right sort of man or woman, by a few moments' chat, a real challenge to go ahead, as later he would have to do in boring through mountains or throwing bridges across raging torrents, together with a good hearty hand-shake, could have restored the boy's self-respect and confidence. There was no one who was interested enough—there were many things to be done and he was just one boy. So he went to work that summer and did not return to school.

He is now eighteen. He sees what he has lost. He is toiling away at correspondence courses and by his mechanical ability is making some progress in his work, but he is, and will be, a handicapped man. The educational system did not fulfill its obligations to him. There should have been on the faculty of that high school men and women of large enough vision to include him, to analyze his difficulty, to conserve his ability. If the regular teachers were too heavily burdened by their large classes,

there should have been *special teachers* with afternoon classes, where inspiration, friendship and real teaching might have helped him over the hard places.

There should be in all high schools in America to-day teachers who *teach*. I doubt whether we shall be able to get them unless we give to the college graduate at least one year of professional training. The young man, or woman, fresh from college, knows subject matter. With few exceptions, he does not know how to present it to youth of high school age. He must somewhere be trained to *teach* what he knows. When we are able to furnish the high school with professionally trained men and women, we shall have real teaching, and where there is real teaching, pupils, whose parents are willing that they should do so, remain in school. The college trained man or woman, to be sure, in time learns how by experience, but youth pays the price of the experience.

I recall two grammar school classes this past year, each located in poor sections of the city. One hundred per cent. of one of those classes enters the high school; less than half of the other class does so. The

difference in record is accounted for by the difference in the teachers. Having entered the high school will these pupils remain? That also depends, to a much larger degree than we are wont to admit, upon the character of the teacher.

The tragedy of the boy who in discouragement gave up is not an isolated incident. Large numbers of boys, and girls, too, drop out in the same fashion every year. The tragedy does not affect the boy or girl alone. He is the center of a circle with a large circumference. It is going to be very hard to persuade those parents who had centered their hopes for "a college boy in the family" on their eldest son who failed them, to send the younger boy, now eleven, to the high school. Indeed they say that they will not do so. More than that, the boy or girl who leaves school prematurely, practically without exception comes to a time when he realizes what he has lost. He has a sense of being cheated, of being compelled to meet life with a handicap that no effort can overcome. I find him in large numbers among the discontents who develop "the world owes me a living" attitude. When a pupil,

whose parents are willing to make the sacrifice to keep him in school, leaves and goes out into life unprepared to meet it, the State and Nation should feel that they have witnessed a real disaster and that the educational system has revealed a lamentably weak spot.

In this hour of pressure and painful readjustment the call comes to the teacher of America to throw himself, body, mind and soul into the task of giving to every child the most effective weapon with which to meet the difficulties that await him—*an education which trains for life.* It ought to be an irresistible call.

I know the difficulties that stand in the way of the teacher as he pursues his high calling—none can know them better. But "difficulties are things that show what men are." I know that the teacher is required by society to maintain high standards of living on an average salary very much less than that of the city's day laborers. I know that more than seventy-five per cent. of the women teachers have dependents. I know that constant association with youth uses up vitality. I know all the hardships, and they

are many—but in the name of the second line of defense I call upon the teacher to ignore them as completely as the Red Cross nurse ignores her hardships, as fully as the men on board the mine sweepers, the submarine chasers, the airplanes and hydroplanes ignore their difficulties, as absolutely as the men in water-soaked, vermin-infested trenches or in dug-outs that quiver under the shock and roar of the battle-front ignore theirs. Ignore them for the sake of the America that is to be. This is the one ideal that must drive and dominate and call.

Every subject taught is indirectly a preparation for citizenship, but music, true literature, history and civics are direct lines through which the patriotic spirit must pass. Youth must be helped to admire with a deep, warm appreciation the great American heroes. Youth must be helped to despise that spirit which will permit a man or woman, for personal, special privilege, to work ill to his fellow man. He must be helped to believe that, despite the evils in American life, the principle of liberty and justice for every man, upon which America was founded, is the only principle upon which a

nation can be built if it is to endure. American youth, native and foreign-born, must be trained to look upon the Flag that embodies all the highest hopes and dreams of millions of people in the greatest of Democracies with true reverence. Some of us saw the youth in khaki who dashed from the street, through the dense smoke to the roof with its edge ablaze and, reaching up to the pole where the Stars and Stripes were flying, seized that precious emblem, shielded it with his coat and, scorched and half blinded, brought it to safety. None who witnessed it will ever forget the look upon his face. All the highest sentiments of honor and love were written upon it as reverently he passed the flag to its owner. Something of his spirit must be given to the youth of the second line of defense. They must save the Flag, at all costs, from harm and dishonor, from the flames of selfishness, greed and injustice which threaten it as truly as do the flames of passion blazing over seas.

Youth must catch something of the significance of the desperate state of a man without a country and so be led to an appreciation of his own. How many times I

have seen registered upon the faces of awkward boys in their teens the high resolves that burn in their souls as they recite the stirring words of Edward Everett Hale:

"And for your country, Boy, and for that Flag! Never dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag. Never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, Boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers and government and people even, there is the country herself, *your* country, and that you belong to her as you belong to your own mother."

Youth does catch the spirit. Despite the lack of stimulus during the years just past, teachers have won success in the manufacture of one of the greatest products on earth—good citizens. When Dominic came to the first grade door on a September morning, he did not look like material for the making of ideal citizenship. His father was Italian, his mother a French Canadian girl who had lived in the states since fourteen

years of age. She spoke English with many limitations, but no Italian. He spoke English brokenly and no French. Dominic spoke sometimes in Italian, sometimes in French, and, with the children, an English quite of his own making. He had a sturdy, very dirty little body. He was stubborn and hard to discipline.

While in the early grades he developed a passion for reading. Teacher was besought for books to take home, although he by no means spent all of his time over books. A severe cold, neglected, brought about trouble with tonsils. After much persuasion they were removed. His teeth were put in good condition, and once more he was a well boy. I shall never forget the day I heard him in a regular class period, hands tense, head thrown back, eyes flashing, absolutely lost in the words, reciting —

"It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation under

God shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

The boys were calling him Nick now. He was a grammar school athlete. His reading had made him more proficient in English than many sons of parents American-born. He was quick and accurate in his studies and teachers aroused in his parents ambitions to send him to high school. There he was given a place on the school paper and later he became its manager. During all the vacations and on Saturdays he worked in a newspaper office. After graduation, friends who had become interested persuaded his parents to consent to a course in a near-by college. He had developed into what men call "a live wire," was deeply interested in social problems and intense in his devotion to American ideals. When on April 6, 1917, America was convinced that the time had come, Dominic made up his mind where his duty lay. He is a non-commissioned officer to-day. You should hear him talk to the neighbors and their children, to his own younger brothers

and sisters who gaze in admiration at him as he tells what America means to do for the world, and what he will do when he "comes back."

The church has had apparently little opportunity to touch Dominic. It has given only indirectly. His home could give him practically nothing, the street in his neighborhood had only the things that weaken to offer him. Dominic has been made by the school. Teachers of real vision and the human spirit developed Dominic. He is not an isolated product. He is a possible product wherever the school is free to work out that high purpose which was in the minds of the fathers when they planted it in the new world. The sons and daughters of all the nations that have sought to make America home must be helped, as Dominic was helped, to feel through the deepest emotions of their fresh, young lives, all that the patriots of the past have left us in great inheritance and all that the true patriots of the present are laying upon the Nation's altar at the moment of her need.

More than that, they must be taught in calm, orderly and logical fashion the civic

duties and privileges of an American citizen, so that they will reach their own conclusion that there are hours in life's experiences when every living soul must sacrifice his personal desires for the good of the whole.

A few short paragraphs in a newspaper and later a page in a magazine state, as if giving a mere matter of information, that when the British steamship *Larenga* foundered at sea, in the fury of a hurricane, and the life-boats were lowered, the captain saw that if all attempted to find room the boats, overcrowded, would stand no chance in the awful sea; so he called upon nine men to stand with him upon the wreck, taking a chance of rescue. Without a moment's hesitation, two of his officers, a gunner and six seamen, stood beside him! The life-boats made off. A British war-ship sighted the distressed vessel as the rockets lighted the sky and for hours strove to reach it but in vain. At three o'clock all signals ceased and in the morning only bits of wreckage marked the place where those great souls went down. The personal desire of those men, strong as life itself, would have driven them to the boats, but *the good of the whole*

prevailed and the ten men died that their comrades might have life. American youth must be given their spirit, that in the common days and routine paths of life, personal desire, if it interferes with the good of the whole, must be sacrificed. The public school is *the one institution* which at this moment can create that spirit in young America and can train him to use it.

Does it seem an impossible task? All the traditions of the teaching profession challenge one to face impossible tasks! From Socrates to Aristotle, from Aristotle to Horace Mann, it is the teacher who has guided men to the light and led them from ignorance into knowledge. Indeed the most potent personality of all time was called *Teacher*. He had a very ordinary class but He believed it possible, despite all difficulties, to teach them the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man—the basic principles of Democracy. He so taught that the world, under His instruction, was born anew, and men started out to blaze the long, long trail that, despite its many windings, shall one day lead to the goal.

If the teacher trembles as he looks frankly

at his task, let him be empowered by the fact that should the public school fail to make citizens fit for Democracy, this great Nation must cease to hope. The school must not fail! Half a million teachers answer, "It will not fail!"

V

THE CALL TO CHURCHMEN

THOSE who make up the church in action do not need either a challenge or a call sent out in the name of the second line of defense. One just sends out cheer upon cheer for them, for they are *living* to-day what the church has said for centuries that it *believed.*

The church in the "hut" on the firing line needs no call. It is a very busy church. Last week, during a push, its two representatives served hot coffee for hours to heroic, gallant men, fighting until they dropped in exhaustion. As they poured the coffee, bullets flew through the air, shrapnel fell beside them, shells shrieked and screamed or dropped with a dull thud, tearing up the earth and hurrying brave, young hearts into eternity—but the hands that served did not tremble. The week before, when things were quiet, those same representatives had managed a minstrel show,

put on a vaudeville, had an evening of moving pictures, sold gum, chocolate and smokes, held religious services, reached out a sympathetic hand to discouraged men, and one of them had knelt beside a strong young fellow while he sobbed out a story of repentance for sin that had cost him dear. Oh, no, that church does not need a challenge, just a ringing cheer!

The church with the munition girls over there needs no challenge. The other night its representatives had a party, and girls of every sort forgot for two little hours the horrors of the three awful years; forgot the meaning of the fact that hair and face and hands bore the marks of their love of country and their answer to her call; forgot for the little space of time the heartache over the white crosses in Flanders and along the Ridge, and the clutch of terror that comes with the thought of prison camps. Music and light, warmth and friendship sent them back to dreary shelters with something to think and talk about, with a new impetus for the work that takes every ounce of strength for its accomplishment.

The nourishing food at a possible price,

served daily from the cafeteria, the letters written home and to loved ones at the front, the countless ministrations for the comfort and encouragement of those loyal hearts and willing hands, crowd to the limit eighteen hours a day and more. The church represented by the women at work, protecting, shielding, comforting, steadying, befriending girlhood, at work in every form of service one can conceive, needs no challenge, but cheer upon cheer!

The church, uniformed in white and wearing its red cross, the church in the operating room, now in a trench, now on a train, at a base under fire, in the hospital—this church needs neither challenge nor call.

The church that is in the numberless stations over here, busy on surgical dressings hour after hour, the church in the Hostess House, the church in drives for Red Cross membership and for Liberty Loans, for money to translate into things that the boys need, the church in a death grip with the liquor interests or fighting without a halo its continuous battle with iniquitous, political machines—this church needs no call.

The church hard at work in hospital and school in Labrador, the church fighting the great pneumonic plague in China, following in heat, in hunger and under fire Allenby's forces through Syria—these need no challenge.

The *church in action!* For it we have no apology—brave, daring, glorious, willing to blaze trails, willing to live or die if it may but serve! The second line of defense may look to it with full assurance of inspiration and power.

Whether or not it seems so at first thought, the great agencies for the salvation and protection of humanity and its ideals are connected with what we commonly call the church. When one removes from a card catalogue of gifts to the Red Triangle, the Knights of Columbus, the Y. M. C. A. or the Hebrew welfare organizations, the names of all those connected in any way with the church, he is amazed at the small amount that remains. When he eliminates from the speakers and workers for the Liberty Loan all men and women connected with the church, a very meagre list is left. When he checks up the names of physicians and

nurses giving all to save life, there are but few not connected with the church. When he lists the men and women fighting for the release of the nation from the tyranny of the liquor interests, and calls together those toiling for social righteousness and economic justice, he discovers again name after name of those trained by and in touch with the church. The greater part of the money used to finance their work comes from those who declare their allegiance to it. One would be forced to admit, did he not gladly do so, that the majority of those at work in the fields of human need are more or less directly connected with the church.

That is, connected with *The Church.* Not necessarily with the Methodist or Baptist, Established or Free, Catholic or Lutheran, Congregational or Unitarian or any other special name inherited or chosen, but The Church—the expression in varied, concrete forms of man's hunger for God, his passion to discover Him, to speak to Him, to feel His touch, to share His spirit, His strength, His purpose, and to accept His love and pardon.

It is this church one finds to-day in Flanders' mud, and north and south along the shell-swept battle-line. The church that is bigger than any name, greater than any creed, more generous than any theology, more potent than any ecclesiastical board, the church giving all and asking nothing, ministering and asking not to be ministered unto, the church translating itself into intelligent, living, loving service—for this church one pours out his soul in gratitude, lifts his voice in ringing cheers, calling, "Go on and on and on! You are our hope!"

The preacher is not the church and so the challenge of these pages is not primarily to the preacher. Too long, by common consent, he has been called the church. He is but its leader, the captain of its forces. He might have developed during the last century into more dynamic leadership, had he not been held back and pulled back by large numbers of his followers, more interested in a religion that will let them do as they choose and be comfortable than in a religion which demands the crucifixion of greed and selfishness and the commitment to a pur-

pose which shall mean the temporal and eternal salvation of all men. If the preacher breaks from his followers and contemporaries and rushes away over the hilltop where they can neither see him nor hear him, he knows he will fail of his mission and so—torn between the faint call onward and the strong pull backward—so, many times, his force has been dissipated and no power strong enough to be transmitted has been generated. In excuse for its own impotence, the church has laid all the burden upon him who ought to be asked only to bear with them his full share.

No, these pages do not call to the preacher. If this great hour has not called him, nothing ever can! If this hour does not call him away from the dead wood of most seminary training, from dead languages, dead expressions, dead inheritances, everything dead, no *words* can do it. If he has missed the call of the throbbing world of this moment, he has missed life itself. If he glories in the discussion of the apostolic succession, if he gives time and thought to Paul's request that women keep their heads covered in the churches, if he spends

hours deciding the significance of the horn of the beast in Revelation or the meaning of each article of equipment in the tabernacle of Moses, if he wants to read in measured tones to his congregation a highly polished essay on the literary analysis of the Songs of Solomon, God help him—no one else can.

But to the majority of preachers the hour has called. It has plumbed the depths of their souls, has sent many of them across to share with the soldier the dangers and tortures of a blood-drenched world, to die with him in No Man's Land, in the dug-out and at the four corners. From Britain, from Canada, from France, from America, they have answered the call. In the training camps they have become new men. In the home pulpits they stand tense, while burning words fall from lips that once spoke calmly and as if what they said did not matter very much. They cannot drop old vocabularies, they cannot shake in a moment verbal mannerisms; old phrases creep into their prayers, but only to be supplemented by an eager cry from a man's heart.

Last Sunday, in answer to his mother's

question as to why he did not draw the pictures in his book as usual during the sermon, a lad of nine answered,

"I have to look at Dr. ———. I have to watch him."

"Why?" asked his mother. "I thought you said you did not understand his sermons."

"I don't," said the boy, "but I have to listen. He wants us to be good, doesn't he, mother, and brave too? He wants us all to work. I *wish* I were a man."

What was it in that preacher's voice and face that held the boy who, a while ago, had been content to draw pictures to make the time pass more quickly? Something has happened to that man! The men in his congregation no longer take out their watches. He, who was dead, is alive! He knows he has something which the world wants.

A few days ago, a strong, successful business man who had only on very rare occasions attended church, came to this man's study, held out a piece of yellow paper, fought hard for control and then, laying his head upon the desk, sobbed like a child.

His only son, a wonderful boy, had been killed in action. When he could speak he asked the minister to go to his wife and daughter.

"They are crushed," he said. "I've tried to bear up for them. I can't help much. We are willing, all of us. We are very proud of him. But we—we can't realize yet that he has gone—gone. I had such high hopes for him."

Then looking the preacher straight in the eye, he said, "If there is anything in religion that can help me now, can make me sure about the boy, for God's sake help me to get hold of it." And the preacher did help him, opened the door to his God for him. He had what a sorely-stricken man needed.

The most discouraging task on earth is trying to force upon people what they do not want—the most challenging the call to give to another that for which his soul longs. Small wonder that the preacher is awakening! His people, too, are alive! The trivial is loosening its grip upon them. Grim realities stare at them. They have given up sons dearer than life, husbands

and lovers have said good-bye and they do not know whether ever again —— Their souls are conscious of need. They want something.

Life without its tinsel is here. Men in pews and men in pulpits are alike, in new earnestness of purpose, seeking their God. Christ has once more come out from the tomb, very much alive, very real, comforting and strong. Men, thousands of feet up in the air, rushing back to their hangars, after a desperate fight, at speed greater than the mind can conceive, say that they are conscious of His presence and that it steadies them and helps them home. He has been long away, this real Christ, hidden by the confusion of words and symbols, by disputes and discussions, by selfishness—most of all by selfishness. Now He is set free. He goes into trenches and men speak to Him as they struggle to endure the deadly monotony of long days and nights of mind weariness and soul hunger. They speak quickly to Him at the listening post and He strengthens them; they whisper to Him from the hiding places of the signal corps. He walks the deck of the mine-

sweeper and is present with the convoy. He does not seem to condemn, He seems to understand—why they have gone into it, the awful cost of it, the glory of it, the temptations, the desperate longing that drives one mad—seems to understand perfectly and to give strength and renewed courage to hold on until the end.

"The effect of emotional strain," say some who read the letters or share the confidences of men who have met Him on battle-fronts. High tension, nerves stretched to the breaking-point—the constant association with suffering and death, these things are responsible for their mystical experiences, say others who think they must explain. It may be that through the emotions, by the path of high tension, by constant familiarity with realities, the revelation comes. The man to whom it has come smiles at the explanation and goes over the words patiently as if trying to explain to a child:

"It was the night of the great push and I was driving the ambulance through a rain of shot and shell, the sky blood-red, the roar deafening. A shell burst and the ambu-

lance ahead was put out of commission, all killed, you know, *all*. Somehow I got my men through. I had been working eighteen hours without a stop and it did not seem possible to make the trip over that road into hell again, but it had to be done. All of a sudden, He came as I climbed up into the seat—told me I could do it, that He would go with me. He did. There and back all that night, we went. Call it what you will. I know. Many of the fellows know in different ways what I'm telling you. No man can ever be the same after such an experience. He cleans up."

Any argument seems very meagre, very inadequate, in the presence of the transfigured face of the driver of that ambulance who must walk with a crutch the rest of his days.

He has been long unseen, this Christ, but in these days of darkness men in churches and on battle-fronts, in business houses and in the fight upon the sea, have rediscovered Him. He seems to be very much of a man, a companion and a friend, very tender and sympathetic and very challenging. He seems to be very intolerant of hypocrisy, of

sham, of littleness, as He was in Jerusalem long centuries ago. He seems to demand righteous living. He does not seem at all to mind whether the man to whom He speaks in the roar of battle or in the silence of the hospital ward, or in the cold and misery of the trenches, be Methodist, Presbyterian or Catholic. He seems to be seeking men for the same purpose He did before, to *help* them and to assure them of the reality of God's unbounded and eternal love for them. In fact this living, inspiring, invigorating Christ, so real and so vital in His touch upon men, seems to embody the religion which the second line of defense *must* have if it is to develop the blood-bought Democracy which is to be its great inheritance. It is a religion with two supreme commands, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God. Thou shalt love thy neighbor." Against all forces anywhere on earth that make obedience to that command difficult or impossible, the church ought to present an unbroken, undivided front.

America presents to her second line of defense one flag, she presents a united nation, its union growing daily deeper and

stronger. Has not the time come when she should present a united religious force, acting together against every enemy, routing him from his strongholds, banishing him from the haunts where he lurks to plan evil devices and deadly propaganda for the ruin of the generation-to-be? It has. And if the church cannot present to the second line of defense that united front, acting together, defending all that is great in America's dreams, attacking all that is unworthy, then the church has lost out.

It is not necessary that, in order to act together, the church live in the same house, have the same food or a common purse. Were it desirable, temperament would make it difficult, perhaps impossible. Training and temperament make a thing which is essential to one group of people unessential to another. Let us acknowledge it. Such differences should not interfere when it comes to action.

The other day I heard a discussion between two church women on the subject of Tissot's pictures of Christ and those of the great masters. The discussion was not at all in the spirit of the subject of the pictures,

and the two women were angry when they parted. One felt that the great masters had given us the true interpretation of Christ, the other felt that Tissot was the one artist who had given Him to us as He really was in the land of Palestine, had made a faithful portrayal of the scenes of which, in His own day, He was a part. They need not have quarrelled over the matter. Neither the great masters nor Tissot have given us Christ. All were interpreters—they painted as *they* saw.

Recently I heard a reverent, refined, trained, highly cultured man, delicate in perception, marvellous in expression, a man of great power and great humility, discussing an evangelist.

"I can't hear him," he said. "I've tried to be fair. I've tried to listen. I am pained, disgusted, shocked. I heard the people laugh aloud in the midst of his prayer. I heard them applaud it. It hurt me. I couldn't—I *couldn't* listen to the words of the Lord Jesus coupled with the words of the barroom and the gutter. I can't hear him."

Within a few hours I talked with a man also discussing the evangelist.

"Four years ago," he said, "I heard him first. I've never cared for church. Went into the meetings with the men in our shop. I've never listened to prayers. But, believe me, I listened to that one. He talked straight. There wasn't any beating round the bush. The crowd applauded the prayer—you couldn't do that in a church, of course, but it seemed all right there. Then he lit into us. Told us to go home and quit our sin and be *decent*. The Lord knows I needed to. I have a wife and four children. I'd led them a life of it. Spent my money for booze and worse. My wife worked and the oldest boy worked. We lived in a place I'd be ashamed to show you to-day. Got a nice little place now; furnished it all new. Wife is the happiest woman you'll find in the town. Boy's gone back to school. Yes, we all joined the church. I belong to the ——— Club and hold meetings Sunday nights in the towns around. Only God knows what I owe that man. Went way down to B—— to hear him last week."

I looked at the man, well-dressed, sincere, earnest, a great contrast to what he had been four years before. Then I remem-

bered the fine features, the clear eyes, the poetic, spiritual face of the man whose life the vulgar, the low, the degrading had never touched. How far apart the two men were! How could they ever agree in their opinion about the evangelist! But they need have no quarrel. If their city needed cleaning up, they could very well afford to join hands and say, "By very different ways we run the same race. We have one goal."

No harm will come of our differing if only we can believe that "the roads to God are different, *not longer.*"

During the past year in great gatherings of church people I have been interested to repeat an experiment which has been most significant to me. I have asked all the Methodist people in the house to raise hands, then all those of the group, either of whose parents were Methodists, to put their hands down. The result has been so striking that often audible expressions of surprise have followed the request. Nearly all the hands go down. Of the few hands remaining raised, I have asked that those who received instruction in a Methodist Sunday-school before they were sixteen lower their

hands. Invariably there are but two or three remaining who show, by the still uplifted hand, that neither parent was Methodist nor did they receive training in the Methodist Sunday-school but deliberately chose the Methodist Church and united with it. I test Presbyterian, Baptist, Episcopal, the result is the same. The vast majority of any denomination to-day belongs to that denomination because it is the church of their parents, or the church in which they received their early training and which they naturally joined. Only a small minority, by careful comparison of creeds, reached their decision to join a particular denomination. Of course in the Catholic Church there would be an even smaller number, in a Hebrew Synagogue probably none.

What then, if the Methodist way be the only way to God? What if a child be born into a Presbyterian family! Or if the Presbyterian be the only way to God, what will happen to the child trained in a Methodist Sunday-school and becoming a Methodist? If the Episcopal path be the only path to God, what a dire calamity for a child to be born of Baptist parents, trained in a Bap-

tist Sunday-school and uniting with the Baptist Church!

I love my own church. I love its creed, I love its history. I have profound admiration for its splendid record. I love its democracy. I think it is the sanest, easiest, most simple way to God, but I would be an utterly unworthy member of it if I, for one moment, believed it to be the only way to God. It is *a* way, not *the* way. I believe that every member of every church must some day say these words with me, substituting the name of his own church for mine. The day of special privilege, the day of autocracy in religion, in any of its myriad forms, is past. The church must believe it or fail God who has seemed to trust it with the working out of His plans and purposes for the lifting up of men.

In the name of the second line of defense I challenge the churchmen of America to leave to it the rich inheritance of a church able to face the world of evil, without the handicap of a broken and divided front.

The supreme test of a church is a life. If religion will not function in life it is useless. The religion we profess, if it is to do any-

thing for the second line of defense, must be interpreted in society. Jesus both lived and taught a social gospel. The primary function of the church is prevention, not rescue. It rescues because it awoke too late to prevent.

One of the Scouts was describing to me the other day an exciting encounter with a feeble-minded boy of fifteen, who had been suspected of setting disastrous fires.

"The police hadn't found him," he said. "It was Saturday afternoon and our troop was out on a tramp. We crossed the freight yards away down by ——— Street and one of the fellers saw him. He had a kind of torch made of a thick stick and cloth. He poured something on it out of a bottle, then he started to crawl under a car. But he didn't light that torch. We fellers got there first."

His words have rung many changes through my mind. "We got there first." A fire can be put out, but oh, the waste! To *get there first* is the present task of the church as it faces the second line of defense. Its present duty demands that it does not relinquish for one moment its program of

religious education. If ever there was a time for the church to put into the hands of parents propaganda that will make for better homes and more simple living, that time is the present hour. If ever there was a time in the world's history when youth should be led to appreciate the meaning of reverence for God and to feel the call of duty; if ever there was a time when it should be given a chance to *do* good, to perform actual service for others, to share misfortunes; if ever there was a time when by precept and example it should be taught that God hates sin but loves men; when it should be taught to respect itself and its neighbor, to hate injustice, sham, lying and selfishness in others and to scorn them and fight them to the death in itself, that time is *now*. If ever it should be taught to love purity of body, mind and soul, to love truth, mercy, justice and human liberty, that time is the present hour. These things *can* be taught, the spirit of greatness can be caught.

But we must not wait, for they will not. It is now or never. Therefore that church was wise that, despite the high cost of material, finished its church house with gym-

nasium and equipment which could compete successfully with the things that tear down. That church was very wise that, early this year, increased its school budget and employed a director of young people's work, although it meant real sacrifice on the part of all the members. Those churchmen were truly patriotic and Christian who gave up their Sunday morning sleep to act as teachers in classes that had been left without leaders by the enlistment of fifty-seven young men from that one school. The boys in that Sunday-school have not dropped out, the girls in their teens are there, as they will be in the school of any church that will pay the price. But the price must be paid. Youth will not come to a dead church, it will not stay in a dead church to-day.

I dropped into a pitiful church one recent Sunday night. It was in a manufacturing town with trolleys to the park, boats on the lake, movies open. There were four Protestant churches where there should have been one. In that which I entered there was the damp and musty odor that lingers about churches that are tombs. The carpet in the aisles and pews had large holes and there

was a rug on the pulpit platform that suggested the same trouble there. The hymn books were old and torn, some coverless, and the walls were stained by many rains. There were about twenty people in the congregation, older men and women. The soprano in the volunteer choir was absent and they had a hard time without her. The preacher was a man who was not well and had grown discouraged with his task. Could such a church get a grip on the second line of defense? No! not in a thousand years!

During the part of the service through which I remained, my mind wandered to another church in just such a town, a community church open literally day and night. Three churches uniting had made possible a modern church and church house. It was used. It was the center of interest. Youth was there, and age as well. It followed the program of children's and young people's work laid down by a Council that found adequate help and suggestion in the abundant material accessible to-day. The intelligent men and women of the community, the leaders in every line of endeavor,

treated the religious and moral training of the second line of defense with the seriousness its importance ought to demand of every adult American.

The church of to-day which is in any adequate way to minister to the second line of defense must be forceful enough, interesting enough, must take itself seriously enough to command the real respect and true devotion of the men and women who lead in the community as well as those who follow. Men must go to church. If you don't go you can't say "Come." "Come" is always more powerful than "Go."

If there is not enough in the church to interest and hold men and women, it will never interest nor hold youth. When men and women are not interested in the church service, they should change and adjust it, not stay at home and leave others to support it. The service should answer the need. It can be made to answer the needs of the people as truly as a railroad, a department store or a factory answers them. The times demand that the church should be open and at work every day. The pastor should be in it at stated hours each day—at

his place of business as truly as any other man. Sometimes the church requires a young man for director of boys' work, a young woman for a director of girls' work, an assistant pastor, a secretary, a visitor—sometimes it needs none of these. The problem is not what machinery is it proper to install in the modern church, but what machinery does *this* church need to adequately serve *this* community. Work requires machinery. Goods cannot be produced without it. If a church has no work to do, it should follow the example of any manufacturing establishment and "close up," placing what workers it has in other fields of service.

If a church has life it will express it. If it has life it will have energy. Anything that is fully alive and well has energy to expend. When all energy has been expended, death begins. A child runs and skips, shouts and plays. An old man walks painfully with a cane. Energy is the test of life in churches as well as in people. Only the living, energetic church can radiate belief in the success and triumph of goodness.

If the church is to live, if it is to save the

second line of defense, to command its whole-souled devotion and send it out to serve, if it is to help to train it, equip it and make it ready, we must call upon some men who are now in it to get out of the way.

We must call upon churchmen with solemn faces, folded hands, sleek, comfortable, well-to-do and undisturbed, giving much but always taking more, to get out of the way.

We must call upon the men who give little but criticize much, who work well while in office but poorly in the ranks, to get out of the way.

We must call upon the self-appointed "defenders of the faith," who, with lips compressed in constitutional disapproval, with eyes narrowed to the critical line, ears alert, ready to detect any hint of variance with their interpretations of the truth, sit through the service and make mental notes for future uses, to get out of the way.

All hypocrites—not the men who stumble and fail of the goal, but those who have planned a double way and hope to reach the goal undetected—they must all go.

In the name of the second line of defense

we must call upon some women to get out of the way—the gossips who block the path, the critics, the little souls quick to judge, hard to please, easily offended, ready to put aside their duty to Almighty God and their sister women because they think themselves left out and hence feel "hurt."

To the smug, the self-satisfied, the undemocratic, the women who select their place of worship because it is fashionable, and strive to make the house of God the open door to a coveted society, we must send the call to get out of the way.

To all those moved by envyings, jealousies and pettiness, the women who want to join the Guild and not the Missionary Society, who will serve Home Missions and not Foreign Missions, or will work hard while one woman is president and not at all when a new officer is chosen—to all who cannot conceive of the great work of the church as a whole but see only their one small interest which is all-absorbing and all-important, comes the call, for the sake of the second line of defense, to get out of the way.

To all men and women who believe that they hold a monopoly on salvation, who

have a passion to save their own little souls in their own little way, instead of giving them to the Father of the world to develop and train until they can make an easy path to Him for every needy heart on earth, the call says, "Out of the way."

But in the name of the second line of defense we issue a call to *Come.* Come to the church, you women with a burning desire to discover God, you who understand the hunger of youth for an explanation of the things that baffle.

Come, you women who are one hundred per cent. alive and therefore judge others generously, who have no pride in your virtues and no priggishness in your make-up, come, for the second line of defense is in dire need of you.

Come, you women who honestly believe in the fundamental sisterhood of all women, who can make room for those who differ from you in color and language, in possessions, in education and privilege, you who still dream, whose ideals still call from mountain tops—the church suffers for your help.

Come, you women who cannot live with-

out the touch of a child's hand, a smile of confidence from youth, who would smother and die in the dead atmosphere in which some adults live. If the church is to reach the second line of defense, it must have you and your mother-hearts.

Come, you women who know the meaning of *together,* whose hearts are bigger than your creeds and whose limit of sympathy is the boundary of the universe, who reach out in compassion to all the world, the church needs you—oh, how it needs you if it is to be true to the second line of defense.

Come, you women who long for opportunity to minister and not to be ministered unto, you who are willing to be one, not *the* one but *one,* who can throw all the power of one, in fine abandon, into the task—the church holds out its hands to welcome you.

Come, you who, in the presence of the failures of other women, feel the deep understanding, tenderness and pardon which generates in overwhelming power the maternal instinct to *protect;* which sends you out to fight to the death all forms of selfishness and greed that make profit out of human weakness—the church for the sake of the

second line of defense beseeches you to come.

Come to the church in this hour of her crisis, you men, who can do things, who are doing things in the world; you men who know life with all its subtle temptations, with all its bold and garish calls to sin that like hot fires sweep restraint aside; you who have met life, fought evil, wrested victory from defeat and, perchance, still face new enemies waiting at the outposts. In the name of the second line of defense, come; you understand their need.

Come, you men to whom life has taught patience and tolerance, who acknowledge there are things you do not know, burning questions you cannot answer, mysteries of life and death you cannot fathom, come, for the sake of the second line of defense. You are their hope, for God can teach you.

Hear the call, you sane and balanced thinkers, who have not smothered your emotions but taught them to be the servants of your will, you men of large hearts and open hands; you, who can see the difference between essential and non-essential, who hate mint and anise and cummin, and love

large horizons, come, the church must have you.

Come, every red-blooded, human, virile man of you, and throw yourself into the institution which, despite grave errors and unpardonable failures, has stood for righteousness and struggled under handicaps to bring man to the consciousness of his need of his Creator as Refuge and Friend.

Come, come, all of you, lest the church through its ecclesiasticism and dogma, its over-organization, its myriad ramifications, its measureless red tape, die of anæmia, losing its own soul and leaving the second line of defense without what has been in great crises, and may be again in this crisis, if you will, the most vital force for the winning of liberty, the most potent dynamic of Democracy.

The call to churchmen is the same call that from overseas has thrilled America these days—the ringing call, "Come *now* or it may be too late!" That call to equip and quickly send to its task an adequate first line of defense has taxed every resource of this great nation and, realizing it, men have poured out self and substance. The call to

equip and make ready an adequate second line of defense is an equally colossal task. It demands the same response. The church should be the great force in American life for the making of character—morals and morale are its definite share of the patriotic duty demanded of every soul who means to help win for the world the Democracy trembling in the balance. *The answer must be self and substance.* It is now or never.

Awake! Awake, O church of God! Fling aside all impedimenta, gird yourself for the task and run—the hour has come, the test is here, the second line of defense is at your door!

A LAST WORD OF CHALLENGE

ONLY yesterday I saw them marching through the city streets, thousands of them in khaki. Going over soon—we knew it though no word was said. Parents' cards gave fathers and mothers the places of advantage on the curb. School children were massed on the steps of a great public building. Every child held a flag. They sang and waved the flags at the first line—which dipped its own colors in response, the colors they were to carry out into wild fields of horror where iniquity strives for mastery.

It was for those waving their flags from the steps that the marching men on the avenue were going overseas. Will that second line prove true? Can they be trusted with that priceless banner? Can they keep its red ablaze with sacrifice, can they deepen its loyal blue, can they keep stainless the purity of its white stars and bars?

Believe me, America, the answer lies

with Business Men, Parents, Teachers and Churchmen. The first line has answered, is answering. Over there it has said, is saying, and will say again and again until the end, of the enemies who would rob the second line of its birthright, "They shall not pass." Will you say it?

Facing courageously all that menaces the physical well-being, the moral health and the mental power of that second line; all that would exploit it, make selfish profit out of it, handicap or harm it in body, mind or soul, will you, America, in the spirit of your sons, take up the Allies' call and standing shoulder to shoulder cry, "They shall not pass"?

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